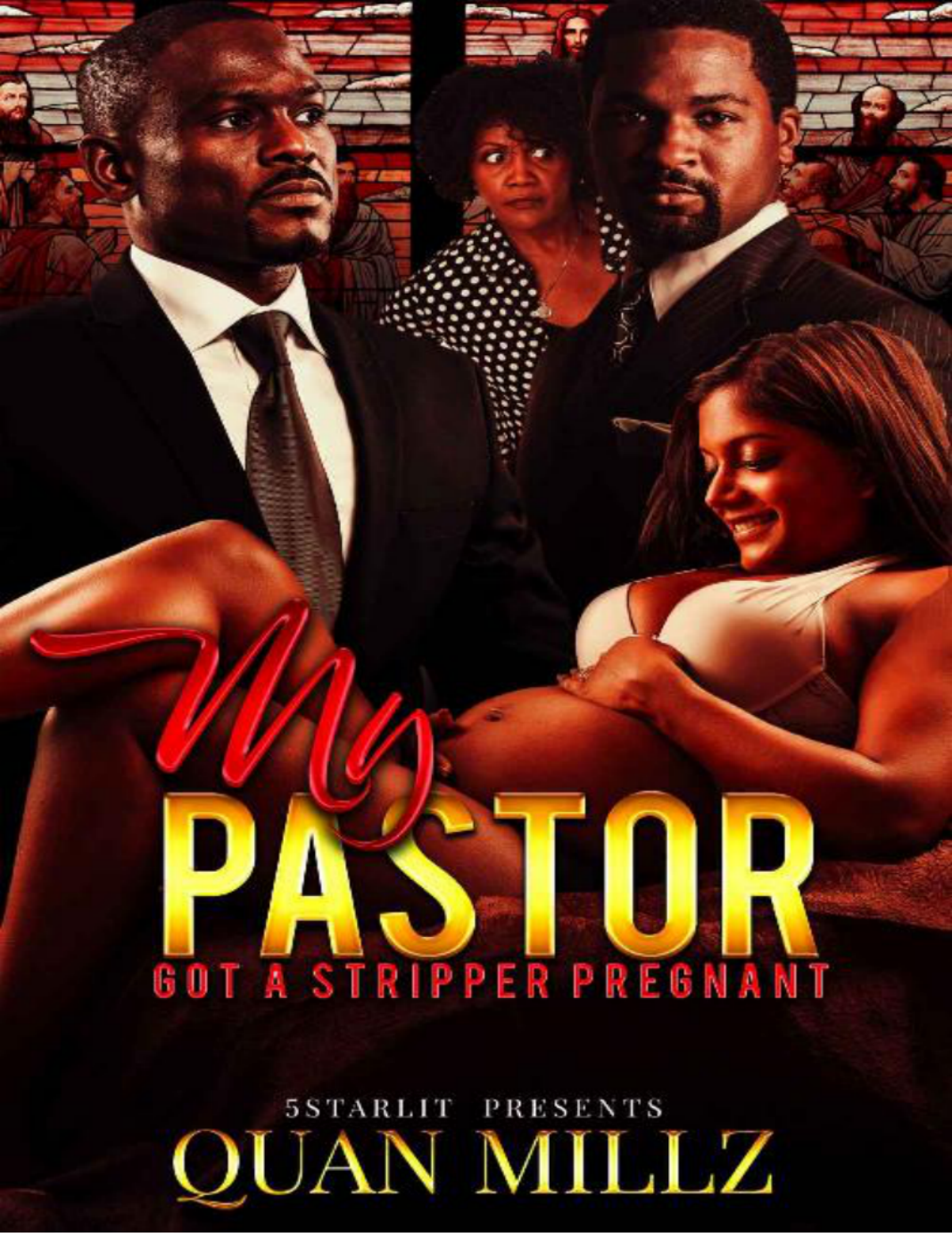
My
PASTOR
GOT A STRIPPER PREGNANT
5STARLIT PRESENTS
QUAN MILLZ

# My Pastor Got A Stripper Pregnant

Quan Millz

5StarLit

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# Prologue

"YASSSSSS! Slob on dat cat, passuh! Eat dat shit, old nikkuh! You like how that cat taste?"

"Hell yeah, guhl…"

I bit my bottom lip hard.

"What it taste like? Tell me," I moaned.

I held tightly to the sides of Pastor's head with my hands as he relentlessly devoured the fuck out of my guts.

"Shit, taste like candied yams, guhl. And not that nasty ass shit in a can. I'm talkin' fresh yams. Wit all types of marshmelluh, cinnamon, brown sugar…"

He paused for a moment and ran his big, bell pepper nose from my clit to my ass, taking a long whiff.

Bitch, my pussy juices overfloweth just thinkin' of how this old nigga was soooo fuckin' NAAHSTAAYY!

Pastor Wilson moaned and then said, "…And butter. Just like how ma grandmama'nem used to make it. Back in Hattiesburg." "But, guhl, you know, I just love the way yo lil qoo-chie smell," Pastor chuckled in his thick and deep Mississippi accent.

Without hesitation, he went back to slurping and sucking on my lil puss.

He slowly caressed my inner thighs with the ends of his fingertips. It was crazy, too, 'cuz I was still so muhfuckin' blown by the fact that this old nigga had polished fingernails. I noticed that shit when I first met his ass. If he wasn't a Pastor, I'd think this nigga was a fucking pimp. Shit, Mee Ling did an excellent job buffering them nails though. Might need that lil asian hoe's phone number so I could book an appointment.

As the so-called man of God continued to suck my sinning soul out of my sexy ass body, my legs shivered nonstop like I was having a seizure. Bitch, go get me some CBD or somethin' 'cuz I swore I was seconds away from squirting all over this man's beard.

"You like that, huh?" the Bishop moaned among the incessant whooshing sound of his succulent slurps.

“Shhh, don’t talk. Just keep eatin’ that lil pussy. Wrap them big, black lips around my clit, old nicca…”

I threw my head back and sunk it into the pillow. My eyes closed and now, I kid you not, all I could see and feel was heaven.

My hands gripped the bed sheets as Pastor Wilson’s clit sucking seemed to intensify. Oooh, speaking of which – I just knew Maria or Jose was gon be mad as fuck in the morning when they come in here and have to change these muhfuckin’ sheets, bitch!

My thick ass legs were wide open like a football field, and now I had this old, crusty ass nigga playing in it like he was a quarterback. Except, Pastor Wilson wasn’t running a ball; old fuck nigga was running his tongue in and out of my pussy AND my ass.

That nigga was truly an MVP. Somebody come give this nigga a ring and induct his ass in a pussy-eating hall of fame!

Shit, truth be told, this nigga was like OJ. And yes, OJ…’Cuz this old Morgan Freeman-lookin’ ass muhfucka was murdering my clit. Even with all types of scripture laced in his tongue. Heaux, I was shooketh right now! You hear me!

Nothing but the sound of pussy juice slurps filled the cognac and Newport-smelling air. The slurps bounced off the walls of the dark, musky motel room, mixing in with both of our nonstop moans and groans.

I couldn’t believe this seventy-year-old man was eating me out like this. In all of my days I ain’t never had a nigga have such perfected head game. This shit was amazing. Here I was, twenty-three-years-old, thinking that someone’s nasty ass, ‘bless the hands of the cook’-praying, worms-havin’ granddaddy wouldn’t dare know how to handle some young, tender pussy.

# Chapter One

"BITCH, I NEED SOME HENNY AND A PLAN B! BITCH, I NEED SOME HENNY AND A PLAN B! That jam was my shit! Them hoes was crazy as fuck for making that song. Them lyrics rolled off my tongue so seamlessly.

But back to business…

"Ayy, bitch! Is you ready or not?!?" I yelled out to my bestie, Kiara. I was ready to get the mothafuckin' party started. It was just about that time, too.

A bitch was dressed in a bedazzling, sparkling silver bustier with a matching thong. Let me tell you somethin' here, bitch! I was looking just like Selenas getting ready to make some Messicans iddy-biddy bong-bong! Except for tonight I was about to make a nigga cum-cum!

Unlike Ms. Quintanilla, I wasn't just gonna sing and dance though. Bitch, I saved that shit for the club. Tonight, I was about to work and twerk this fiyah ass pussy saddled between my thick, tatted thighs on this clown.

I was gonna have this nigga's fat, lame-ass so gone off my pussy, I wasn't just gonna be paid for the night. I was gonna be set up for the rest of my life! So, yes, bitch, it was on!

Yeah, yeah, yeah… I know what the fuck ya'll thinking. "Oh! So, that's the shit she on? She a lil nasty ass hoe!" Oh so fucking what! Yeah, I was selling pussy!

See, half you busted, broke ass, dumb ass, expired weave-wearing, bad-bodied ass hoes be selling pussy, too! And then ya'll don't even be selling it for the right price!

Some of you wack ass, dry pussy-having hoes be out here selling yo pussy for a five-dollar box from Popeye's and some garbage ass weed! Bitches out here suckin' dirty, STD-infected dicks for stems and seeds. And then the other half you basic bitches be giving pussy out for free!

BUT NOT ME!

Bitch, I ate good AND smoked good! I could get any nigga to take me to Red Lobster or Pappadeaux's without having a nigga feel like he

entitled to get something back from me…unlike the rest of you silly ass hoes.

Shit, truth be told, if I wanted to, I could get those same clown ass niggas to eat my pussy AND ass for free! Yup! I could get a nigga to slide his tongue all down my ass like he was looking for a missing, winning lotto ticket! So, I'on need a nigga for NOTHIN'! NOTHIN'.

Oh…And before I forget –

Let me just say that you bitches who just be giving pussy away… ya'll some Salvation Army Food Pantry ass hoes. Giving yo pussy away like its canned collard greens. Got me ALL the way fucked up!

But look, I'mma leave it at this. 'Cuz a pussy ass hoe could nevah! Real bitches do what they gotta do! And the only thing that mattered to me at the moment was using these God-gifted gooey guts to make some fuck nigga empty out his pockets and run me my money.

So, tonight, like every other night was all about business. No pleasure at all!

By the way, my name is Nashawna, however, everybody, for the most part, call me NuNu. My stage name is Storm though. I chose that name 'cuz my pussy can get so wet that I'll flood a nigga dick out like Hurricane Harvey.

I am twenty three-years-old. I am straight from Englewood – the South Side of Chicago. But now, I stay out east on 47th street. I got one son. His name is Darquayvious. He is three-years-old. However, he don't stay with me 'cuz my momma was on some fuck shit years ago. So, her stupid ass had him taken away from me. His daddy locked up.

Yeah, I knew I could take my ass down somewhere and get a "real" job. But a real ass job was never for me. I needed fast money. Everybody told me growing up I could dance, so, right after high school, I took my sexy ass down to The Factory, a gentleman's club on 119th. I auditioned and started working that night! I been doing that since I got out of high school. Now, don't get me wrong. The money was good for the most part. But hey, when a bitch need some extra cash, like I said, I was more than willing to sell some ass.

ANYWAYS…

I had just finished taking a shower. Now, I was staring at my fine ass self in this motel's bathroom mirror swiftly finishing my makeup.

A pink lace front bob wig I bought just a day ago adorned my head, pairing well with my sugar cookie-colored face. Kiara, too, was finishing getting ready.

Tonight, we was finne mess with this nigga named Darryl. He was this fat ass, lame ass nigga from out West who was a low-key dope boy. That was what he told me. I met his greasy lookin' ass some time ago at the club.

For the last month or so, he had been tryin' his hardest to link up

with me. I was reluctant at first. Although the nigga look like he had vienna sausage for a dick, I was so turned off by his size. The nigga had titties bigger than me. On my son, I swear this nigga had titties the size of cantaloupes sitting on his chest. Nigga had a belly so big, you would've thought his ass was pregnant with triplets.

Every time I'd see him in the club, my skin crawled. But last week, I finally caved. When that fat, ugly ass nigga told me he'd pay me and another girl five stacks to fuck his brains out, I didn't even hesitate to accept his offer. Five stacks?!? Really?!?

I immediately told Kiara about his deal, and, of course, her ass quickly agreed to come along with me. Shit, her ass had better, too. She do got five kids from four different niggas and NONE of them were on child support. I didn't know why bitches be doing that to themselves…

Don't get it twisted though. I really wasn't hurting for money per se. Dancing at The Factory was good money…that was when the dope boys and ballers came through. But when they didn't, only old ass niggas stingy with their pension and social security checks came through. And those old niggas always gave a fucking attitude when they had to pay $20 just for a lap dance.

Darryl just texted me not too long ago and said that he was gonna be here within fifteen minutes. I glanced down at my phone and saw that it was nearly midnight. We had five minutes left to get ready.

"Bitch, I been ready! The fuck is you doing?" Kiara shouted back.

I could see from the motel room's mirror she was sitting on the bed watching TV. "Good! I'm just about done," I replied.

We had no time to spare. We had to make sure everything was perfect. Our outfits. Makeup. Wigs. Bitch, we even took our asses to a Korean spa up in the burbs to get them yoni steams. Shit, you always gotta make sure ya pussy is right and tight. Them steams will snap yo shit back into place like you twelve all over again.

Darryl told us to meet him at the Fitzgerald Suites, which was this raggedy ass motel on 79th street. He told me to go ahead and get a room and he'd pay me back. I didn't mind though. It only cost $50 a night to stay here because this place was nasty as fuck.

Spider webs hung in the corners. I swear I could hear the sound of roaches and rats climbing within the walls. These were the other reasons why I was pressed as fuck to get this shit over with ASAP! This place was the fucking pits! The room smelled like mold, Newports, mothballs and unwashed ass.

The room's old ass TV barely worked. When we first got to the room, Kiara told me it could only pick up like three channels. Can you believe that it still had antennas like it was 1991 or some shit?!?! That thing was so big and bulky, it kind of reminded me of the old ass TV

my Grandma had in her house. She'd used to watch her faves like In The Heat Of The Night, Family Feud, and other soaps on that clunky, big ass shit while she smoked squares and sipped Ripple. And now, ironically, Steve Harvey's uglazz was actually blaring on the motel's TV. Kiara was watching him yap off about some contestant's answers on Family Feud. Side note – why that nigga's lips look like that? I bet he could eat a mean pussy though...And probably eat it from the back. The mustache says it all.

ANYWAYS…

# Chapter Two

Once I finished putting on this last lash, this bad bitch here immediately stood up from the bathroom mirror and walked deep into the room. The room was dark so I went and turned on the lamp next to the bed. I looked at Kiara and roared, “Bitch, turn that shit off!”

“Fuck for what?!? That nigga ain’t here yet!” she replied with a lil attitude. Her gaze was still attached to the TV’s cracked screen.

I smacked my teeth and rolled my neck. “Bitch, we need to get the mood going!” I exclaimed. Oh no! See, this bitch got me fucked up if she thought this was gon be just easy, seamless money to make.

“Hoe, you doin’ too much. Just chill, chica!”

“BOO BOO!” I said clapping my hands. “We talkin’ five stacks! FIVE THOUSAND! Not five hunned! Yo section 8, food stamp sellin’ ass don’t got time to relax! Turn the fuckin’ TV off and let’s go over this shit again!”

Kiara smacked her teeth as she grabbed the remote sitting to her side and turned the TV off. “Ok, so what you want me to do again? And do I really gotta fuck this man?”

“UGHHH! Bitch, yes! The fuck?!? You think you gon get paid to just to look at him?”

Kiara frowned. “Eww! I just cain’t, girl! I don’t know why I agreed to this! I’m scared that nigga gon crush me!”

“Bitch, one of yo baby daddies is like four hundred pounds! Did he crush you?”

“No.”

“So, what the fuck then?!?” I said shaking my head. I swear this bitch was so unbelievably stupid sometimes. I don’t even know why I bothered to drag her special ed, Forrest Gump ass with me.

Yeah, we were BFFs, but her ass was just so damn slow sometimes. Goddamn! See, I only let her tag along with me ‘cuz like I said, the bitch had five kids and was on the verge of getting evicted. I even helped pay this bitch’s cell phone bill from time to time.

“Girl, you playing with fire! I don’t even know why you think this is a good ass idea!”

“What?!?” I growled as I rolled my eyes and shot a scowl back at this retarded ass bitch. “Bitch, if you scared, why you tagged yo scary ass along then!”

She looked at me and shrugged her shoulders. “’Cuz…I mean, I knew you was serious, but this shit sound a bit too serious for me.”

“UGHHH!” I exhaled and rolled my eyes to the ceiling. “Look, bitch. Just play wit da nigga’s balls. Rub his taint or somethin’. Goddamn! I’ll just do the rest!”

“FINE! Damn! Okay…,” Kiara replied with a scrunched face.

By now I was agitated like a muhfucka and if she wasn’t my BFF, I would’ve been knocked this pussy hoe out. See, something told me just to bring Jessica’s ass with me. She was another dancer down at the club.

Although she and I were beefing at the moment (over a nigga as usual – eye roll), I knew if I would’ve talked to her ass about tonight, she would’ve been game. And that bitch can suck dick, too?!!? Shit, I saw her ass in action just a few nights ago! I just knew Jessica would’ve never been all scared and shit like Kiara’s ass.

I strolled over back to the bathroom countertop, grabbed my phone and then made my way back into the room. “Look, I know you too good for this, but bitch, you gotta think long-term!”

“Yeah, well, this will be my first and last time doing this stupid shit. I’mma use my half so I can go back to school and get my CNA certification.”

“What?!? Bitch, fuck school! You really gon clean shitty old peoples’ asses for a living?”

“It’s a start,” Kiara said and shrugged her shoulders.

“Bitch, just stick to what you know best. Suck some dick and make some real money, heaux. Now, YOU are doing the most.”

“Girl, whatever,” Kiara said smacking her teeth. “You do you and I’mma do me! Let’s just get this shit over with.”

Knock! Knock!

Just as I was almost two seconds from popping off on Kiara’s ass I heard two knocks on the motel room’s door. That had to have been Darryl. “Girl, get up!” I said in a growled whisper.

I ran over to the door. I didn’t know why I didn’t even bother to look out the peephole. Soon as I opened the door, my face sunk.

“Nashawana Spearman?” It was a fucking cop. Some tall white boy with a big red beard. He was dressed in typical Chicago PD uniform. He stood there, damn near filling up the entire door.

“Yes…” I gulped. “What’s wrong?”

Suddenly, he grabbed my right arm and yanked me through the door. “What the fuck?!?” Then he slammed me up against the outside wall next to the door. “Why are you doing this to me?!?”

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw another cop, a black lady, run down the hallway of the two-story motel. “You got her?” she asked as she approached the door.

“Yeah! There’s another one in the room!”

“WHAT THE HELL?!??” I screamed as the officer proceeded to slap handcuffs on me. “What did I do?!?!”

“WHY IS SHE ARRESTING ME?!?!?” Kiara cried as the black female cop dragged her out of the motel room.

“You ladies are under arrest!” the black woman cop announced as she slammed Kiara against the wall next to me.

Kiara glanced at me with her eyes widened with fear. “OWW! THAT HURTS! WHY YA’LL ARRESTING ME?!? I AIN’T DID NOTHIN’!” she cried as the officer tightened the cuffs around her wrists.

“ARRESTED FOR WHAT?!?” I screamed out, almost ready to fight this cracka off me! He was kind of cute though for a white boy…

All of a sudden, I heard a voice say, “For promoting prostitution in the first degree. Also wire fraud.” I glanced over my shoulder. It was fucking Darryl! He wasn’t dressed like a street nigga. He had on a short-sleeve black shirt, some jeans and old ass Jordans. A big ass black bulletproof vest that had the letters “CPD” written on it in white wrapped around his chest.

“NAH, NIGGA, YOU SET ME UP!”

“No…You set yourself up. Take her down to the precinct.” Darryl flashed a smile then walked off as the two cops hauled me and Kiara downstairs and into the back of a cruiser.

# Chapter Three

"Nashawna Spearman! Let's go! Bond hearing is coming up!" a white female jail guard howled as she opened the jail cell.

It was a Friday morning. Ten am just struck the clock inside of my cell.

On any other Friday morning, I would've had my tired ass still in bed. I usually danced from seven till four am on Thursday nights, so my Friday mornings were reserved for a bitch to get her beauty sleep.

But now, here I was sitting inside a shared jail cell. I was on high alert, observing these other crazy looking bitches. They were gawking me down as if I owed them something! This one bitch in the corner looked like she was ready to eat me the fuck alive! Bitch cray cray for real. Look like Queen Latifah on steroids.

In all of my twenty-three years of living, I ain't never stepped foot inside of a jail cell. Never even been inside of a police station. Yeah, even though my baby daddy locked up, I ain't never visited his ass. Not once! I don't do jail.

I was sitting in my bed all the way off to the side when the jail guard called my name. No longer in my sexy ass outfit, I was now in a baggy, Cook County Jail-issued orange jumpsuit wondering how all of this even went the fuck down!

I quickly got up off my bed and ran toward the cell opening next to the guard. I was still trying to wrap my head around why the bitches inside of here looked like straight up niggas. Built like them, too! Another bitch in here look like Lil Wayne and a zombie crack head ass bitch had a baby.

The jail guard proceeded to slap handcuffs on me and then led me out of the cell and down to a bullpen – a fucking cage that was like a waiting area. The bullpen was already packed with other inmates. We were all waiting for our hearing time at court.

I was fucking livid. Turned out that fucking Darryl was an undercover jake and was working to bust prostitution rings inside of strip clubs. I damn sure wasn't a part of no ring though. I did all of my hoe activities on my own. It was so crazy though – just as I was about

to finesse that nigga, his ass finessed me first!

This shit was just so unbelievable! Seemed like the cops ain't had nothing better else to do but to go after a hardworking hoe that was just tryna put food on her fucking table. But I guess that was part of the game, right? That was some bullshit for real though…

Something should've told me that fat ass nigga was on some other shit. Just the way he moved. The questions he asked. Something was just off about him. He was so insistent on paying me, too. Like, I fucked other niggas from the club all the time yet he was the first willing to pay big money for my honey.

The noise and crowdedness of the bullpen was making me nauseous. I just wanted this shit to be over already. I still couldn't wrap my head around the fact that this clown really busted me for prostitution. I didn't even realize that shit was still against the law!

My stomach grumbled. I hadn't eaten a damn thing yet since I'd been here. Some funky ass breakfast was served to us at six AM this morning, however, I refused to eat that nasty shit slop! Besides, I was gonna bond out anyways and head my ass straight home where I had some real food in my fridge!

Luckily, I had talked to one of my guys and I got hooked up with a bail bondsman. My bond was apparently set at $20,000 so I only had to come up with $2,000 to get the fuck up out of here.

"NuNu!" I turned around when I heard a familiar voice calling my name. It was Kiara. "GIRL!!! WHAT THE FUCK?!?" I yelled.

Kiara, still looking scared as hell, meandered through the thick crowd of women and stood by my side. "Bitch, I'm mad at you! You said nothing was gonna happen!"

"Kiara, don't even start that mess now! It's not even a big deal. Besides, didn't you bond out?!?"

"No! I can't afford it!"

"Why you ain't call your peoples?!?"

"I did! They can't afford it! And they said I should've known better! I can't stay in here, girl! I got fucking kids! You lied to me!"

"Bitch, I didn't lie to you! You knew the risks of what we were doing, so don't fucking go there!"

"WELL, I had to do what I had to do!"

I paused for a moment and thought about what she just said. "Fuck you talkin' about?" I asked.

"Girl, I told them detectives the truth about everything!"

"YOU WHAT?!? BITCH, ARE YOU CRAZY?!? YOU SNITCHED?!?"

Suddenly the chatter inside the bullpen dissipated and all eyes were on us. "I did what I had to do! Bitch, I got kids! You don't!"

"FUCK YOU, YOU OLE RAGGEDY ASS, INFORMANT ASS BITCH! I SHOULD BEAT CHO ASS!" Just as I was about to wrap my paws

around this scaredy pussy ass hoe for running her mouth to twelve, I heard my name being called again.

"Nashawna Spearman! You're next!"

"Bitch, you lucky they called my name! We gon see about this shit though! Stupid, retarded ass hoe!"

"Fuck you, NuNu! You a bird anyways! All yo stupid shit gon come back to you!"

"FUCK YOU, HOE!"

"HEY! HEY! CUT THAT OUT OR BOTH YOU HUSSIES ARE GOING TO SOLITARY CONFINEMENT!" the jail guard howled as she pulled me out of the bull pen. Guess she sensed the sudden beef and she looked like she was ready to break up a fight. It wasn't gon be no fight though 'cuz I was gonna beat that bitch's ass!

# Chapter Four

"Where are we going?" I asked the jail guard as she escorted me down to an area past the actual bond court hearing room. "Just be quiet…The prosecutors wanna cut you a deal."

"But I bonded out!" I said with a raised brow. This bitch fuckin' with me.

"Okay? And? I'm just taking you to where you've been requested to go, young lady," the guard explained.

We arrived at a separate area not too far away from the court. Then I was walked into a small visitation room. This mixed-up, Jhene Aiko-looking ass bitch and an older white dude with a head full of gray hair were sitting down at the table engaging in small talk.

The moment I walked in, their light conversation ceased. The white guy threw his gaze toward me and said, "Good morning, Ms.Spearman. Have a seat."

The white jail guard, who looked like a straight-up bulldagger, then walked me over to an empty seat nestled between these two muhfuckas. She took the cuffs off my hand and then I proceeded to sit down. "Why am I here? I bonded out. I'm confused…"

"Well, not so fast, young lady," the mixed-looking hoe said. She looked like she was about in her late-twenties. Maybe early thirties. "We filed a motion to delay your bond hearing so we can offer you a plea deal. Just because you bonded out doesn't mean you're free."

"I know what the fuck bond out mean, lady! I ain't stupid. And I wanna speak to a lawyer!"

The white guy looked at the mixed bitch and gave her this look. It was like he was low-key telling her to shut the fuck up 'cuz she was dead ass wrong for talking to me like I was some lil ass kid. He then he looked at me and said, "She didn't mean it like that. But, we want you to consider a plea deal before any of this goes to trial."

"Nah, fuck that! I ain't taking no plea at all! And I ain't sayin' shit! Where's my lawyer?!?"

Suddenly, the white guy yanked out some paperwork from a briefcase, flew past a few pages and then slid the thick wad of paper

toward me. “Look at that,” he said. “You see your friend is running her mouth to us left and right. Look, we’re about to offer her a deal, too. But understand this, she’s gonna get off if she tells us more about your shenanigans. But You…You go to state prison for eight years.”

“THE FUCK FOR WHAT?!? Just for selling my own pussy?!?” This muhfuckas was on some other shit! Eight years! And then they was accusing me of wire fraud?!? I don’t even know what that means! Nah, I’m gonna fight this bullshit.

“Nashawna, no, and please lower your voice,” the mixed bitch said.

“Who the fuck is ya’ll anyways?” I asked.

“Oh, sorry we didn’t introduce ourselves. I’m Mark Rowan. Assistant State’s Attorney with the Cook County Prosecutor’s office. This is my colleague, Rasheedah. Nice to meet you,” the man said as he extended his hand to shake mines.

This cracka must’ve thought I was stupid. I wasn’t gon budge to nothin’. I wasn’t gon say shit! Not even sign shit! I wasn’t even gonna shake this cracka’s hand. Got me fucked up. I could’ve been out already but these muhfuckas was on some straight bullshit.

He pulled his hand back and rolled his eyes. “Anyways, look, you’re making this more difficult than what it needs to be. Here’s our deal to you. You’ll be on probation for three years. You can’t dance at the strip club anymore. And also, you have to do three-hundred hours of community service.”

“Why I can’t work at the strip club no more?!? That ain’t against the law!” I protested. “Besides, ya’ll still ain’t tell me what the fuck I did! Ya’ll got me on this bogus charge!”

“When you made that CashApp arrangement through text message with Darryl, that’s also considered a wire fraud charge, missy. Now that right there is serious jail time. You know why? Because that’s the Feds. We already spoke to them. They are willing to drop that charge if you just accept our deal. If not, we’ll then refer your case over to the Feds. They will dig and dig until they hit lava. You wanna go down that route? Feds don’t like to do plea deals either. At least with us, we are lenient.”

“Why you lenient or whatever the fuck that means?!?”

“Lenient means forgiving,” Rasheeda, the other prosecutor, replied. “Look, young lady, you still have a life ahead of you. And we know you have a son.”

“Okay, and? I barely see him!”

“Well, that can change if you do the right thing. Besides, you might have a change a heart one day. You want him to visit you behind a piece of glass?” Mark asked with a raised brow.

Suddenly, I began to get somewhat nervous. I slowly shook my

head wondering if this was all some big setup. “And what about Kiara? She just gets to walk away?”

“Yes…,” Rasheeda said. “But don’t worry about Kiara. Worry about you.”

“You damn right!”

“So what is it going to be?” Mark asked.

“FINE! Fuck it! What I gotta sign?”

Mark quickly yanked another set of papers from his briefcase, flipped through the thick paperwork and then handed me back the file with his finger pointed to a signature line. He pulled out a pen from his suit jacket’s pocket and handed it to me. “Sign there and date it.”

“This some straight-up bullshit. Where the fuck I’m finne do community service at anyways?!?”

“Glad you asked. After you get out, your probation officer is going to arrange community service for you. Capeesh?” Mark said.

“Fine. Whatever…” I leaned back in the chair and held my arms by their elbows. I shook my head out of disbelief.

# Chapter Five

After I got done talking to the two prosecutors, I was immediately taken back to my cell. I changed my clothes and then was taken back down to finish my release paperwork.

I had called Jessica just before I was taken back to my cell. I told her what had happened to me and Kiara. I apologized for going after her nigga the way I did. Yeah, so, I fucked Tay. But he wasn't shit no way. She knew he was a fuckboy, too. Nigga ain't have no job. Had three kids he can't even take care of. And then the nigga is community dick. He'd fuck any and everything with a hole. She gave his ass the boot finally. Anyways – so, we squashed our beef immediately. Then I had asked her if she could bring me a change of clothes. I also asked if she could take me back to my crib. She didn't even hesitate. In fact, not only did she bring me a change of clothes, but she was outside waiting for me to get out. That was what a real ass friend supposed to do. Shit, what a real ass bitch supposed to do…unlike Kiara's scary snitchin' ass.

But bahhhbaaaayyyy! I knew one thing for sure though. If AND WHEN ('cuz I know it's coming) I see that raggedy ass, tired ass, stank pussy-smellin' bitch in the streets, I'm finne cut her ass. AND then I'mma let everyone know her ass a snitch. I should even cut her stupid ass in front of her ugly ass, retarded ass kids so they can see they stupid ass mammy ain't on shit. I'on give a fuck! Bitch crossed me big time!

But now that I thought about it, I got papers on me now. Three years of fucking probation! I'on believe this shit! Just for selling my OWN pussy, mind you.

ANYWAYS…

I was no longer in a jumpsuit. I was in a t-shirt, some leggings and some Jordan's. Basic shit. But it was better than that jail-issued orange one-piece.

With a jail guard to my side, I sauntered down into my probation officer's office. He was some short, chubby old nigga with a perm. Nigga looked like a Temptation. He was reading a newspaper when he

walked in.

"Nashawna Spearman," he said and smiled.

"Yes."

"Have a seat, young lady," he replied. The jail guard then walked off. I sat down.

"My name is Walter Baines. I'll be your assigned probation officer for the next three years. I see you are new to all of this. So, I'm going to go over everything, okay?"

"Okay…," I replied, slightly rolling my eyes as I sat back in the chair.

Walter's fat ugly ass scanned me up and down for a second and then uttered, "Drop the attitude. I'm not the one, young lady."

"I ain't got an attitude!" I said rolling my neck. Well, I did have a little attitude. But not 'cuz of him. 'Cuz of all of this bullshit.

"I hear an attitude though…"

Then silence came between us.

He said, "Look. I'm gonna try to make this as easy as possible for the both of us."

For the next thirty minutes or so, he went over every single rule I had to abide by. I had to check in with him every week on Thursdays. I had to be in the house before nine. I couldn't work at any strip or gentlemen's club. I had to track that I was looking for "gainful, full-time employment" or whatever the fuck that meant. Mr. Baines went on and on until finally, he came down to talking about my community service requirement.

"Okay, the State is also mandating you complete three-hundred hours of community service. I have three options for you. First one is a homeless shelter. St. Sabina in Auburn-Gresham is our partner. The second is a food pantry out in Roseland. The third is a church on 35th street. Apostolic Missionary Baptist Church. You'd be working with young women there."

"Shit, just make me do to the church. The two other ones sound far from where I live."

"That's what I thought you'd choose. Good choice. I know Pastor Wilson personally. He's a good man. A true servant of the people. You know, he's also running for Mayor."

"Oh okay…," I replied not really caring. I just want this old, fat nigga to hurry the fuck up so I can jet. I need some dick, too. And really some weed. But now I was going to be tested for drugs and alcohol literally every two weeks. So sparking up a blunt was going to be a big no-no. But dick I can get and get plenty of. A bitch wanted some crab legs, too. I know just the perfect nigga to give me that combo.

"Here's the contact information for the church. Please call Gloria

Jackson, the church's secretary, to arrange your service requirement. I will need her written confirmation ASAP. Have her fill out this form when you meet with her and bring this back on our next appointment," Mr. Baines explained as he handed me a slew of paperwork.

"Got it!" I replied with a fake smile.

"Well, that's about it," he said as he stood up. I stood up, too. Thank God! "By the way…," Mr. Baines said as he reached his hand out to shake mines. I slowly shook it back. "Too bad you can't dance no more though. I used to see you all the time at The Factory."

Mr. Baines scanned me up and down and then bit his lip.

"What?!?" I exclaimed with a scrunched face.

"Storm, right?"

My eyes widened. I'd be damned! "Look, I gotta go!" I stormed out of his office. Eww! I can't believe I was gonna have to deal with this fucking low-life creep for the next three years. Oh hell no! This nigga done seen me strip?!?!? I was gonna complain about that and get a new probation officer.

I took off and made my way into the parking lot of the jail.

"NuNu!"

I heard someone calling my name.

I spun on my feet for a second until I saw Jessica waving me down as she stood outside of her car.

"Hurry up, bitch! I'm tryna get my pussy ate!"

# Chapter Six

I playfully ran up to Jessica and said, “Girl, you crazy as fuck! Why would you scream that shit out loud in the parking lot for all of these niggas to hear you?!?”

“Girl, I’on CUR! It’s the muhfuckin' truth anyways!” Jessica laughed as wind blew through her purple bundles. My bitch stayed glowed the fuck up out here in these streets.

Jessica was a thick ass redbone who would remind you of Meg The Stallion but with lighter skin. Her eyes were a mix of light green and blue. Her mama was Dominican and Puerto Rican and her daddy was half-black and half-Italian. That was where she got her mixed looks from.

“You ain’t never lied. I wanna get mines ate, too. But now I’m too stressed the fuck out. I just want some weed, dick and vodka, bitch. I am just so upset all this fucking happened,” I explained as I got into her Beemer.

Jessica was a smart ass hoe. She saved every single dime she had and knew how to spend her money wisely. Which was why she was pushing this new all-black BMW 550-iL.

“Girl, don’t even worry about it. They’ll probably just drop the charges.”

“No the fuck they didn’t! I had to sign a plea deal to walk out or otherwise I was facing damn near ten years.”

Jessica chucked the car’s engine up and we sped off down the street. Cook County Jail wasn’t too far away from my crib on 47th street.

“What you mean??!? Bitch, you took a plea deal over that petty ass shit?” Jessica said shaking her head.

Cardi B’s Bodak Yellow was lightly blaring from the car’s radio. I replied, “Yes! Shit! Bitch, I’m not built for prison! They talkin’ about I even had a wire fraud charge for arranging the payment over CashApp. All this shit just sounded so bogus as fuck!”

“Damn, that’s how they do though! Muhfuckin’ pigs set you up. That means I gotta lay low, too.”

“Then, they said I can’t even fuckin’ dance no more. What the fuck am I supposed to do?”

“WHAT?!?”

“YES, BITCH!”

“Now THAT’S fucked up! What the fuck you finne do now? Go get a job at Wal-Mart or a fuckin’ call center?”

“Bitch, I don’t even know! And now I gotta do three-hundred hours of community service.”

“Oh no?!? Bitch, community service? Is you serious?”

“YES! UGHH! Girl, and the probation officer even saw me dance before! GIRL, HE KNEW MY FUCKIN’ NAME! I’m gonna ask someone if I can change probation officers ‘cuz he made me feel very fuckin’ uncomfortable!”

“Dis tew much,” Jessica said shaking her head with her hands glued to the steering wheel.

I sat back and shook my head, just fucking disgusted that all this went down. “It is what it is though…I’m just so glad to be out of that shit.”

“You told yo mamma’nem about what happened?”

Suddenly a scowl covered my face. “Fuck her. I ain’t fuckin’ with her. After all the shit she did to me?!?”

“Damn, ya’ll still goin’ at each other like that?!?”

I smacked my teeth. “Boo-boo! Look, we gon still beef as long as she got my son! I know that for sure.”

“Anyways,” I said. “Can we stop to get somethin’ to eat?”

“What you want?”

“Girl, some Micky D’s.”

“Okay, good, ‘cuz I wanna get somethin’ in my system before I go over this nigga’s crib…”

***

Jessica and I grabbed something to eat from McDonald's then we made our way down 47thstreet.

“Aiight, girl, just give me a call if you need anything. I’m about to go get my box ate!” Jessica said as I got out of the car.

I paused for a moment. “Wait, oh so you was serious-*serious*?” I asked.

“Hell yeah! I’m messin’ with this old ass man, girl! This nigga a pastor and er’thang! He eat pussy like it’s going out of style, too!”

“BITCH, NO! YOU GON GET WORMS! An old nigga??!? A pastor?!? THE FUCK?!?!”

“Yes!”

“Oh no! Bitch you crazy as fuck!” I just cringed at the idea of letting a nigga past the age of forty put his tongue inside of me, let alone fuck me. I wasn’t with that shit at all!

“Okay, look, we gon have to talk about this later. Give me a call! ‘Cuz this old man on a busy schedule!” “Ok, bitch. Holla!” I closed the door then made my way toward my apartment building.

I lived in a two-bedroom apartment off 47th and Lake Park. And no – I AIN’T on section 8 for all you nosey, judgmental bitches. I paid for ALL my shit and paid it on time.

But now I didn’t even know how the fuck I was gonna keep up with my bills. If I couldn’t dance, my ass was gonna have to get on a section 8 waitlist. Stripping was good ass money. In one night I could make at least a g depending on what types of niggas came through.

I knew if I had to get a job working customer service or fast food, it was gon take damn near two weeks just to make a stack. I wasn’t with that shit at all. I was gonna have to come up with a serious plan!

“NuNu! I know you hear me, lil girl!”

Just as I was about to put the keys in my door, I turned around to the familiar voice of none other than my trifling ass, lyin’ ass mama.

She strolled up from the sidewalk. She was by herself.

I rolled my eyes and asked, “Where Darquayvious at? And what you want?”

“Where else would he be, Ms. Irresponsible Strippin’ Prostitute! He’s in SCHOOL. Just like where YOU SHOULD BE if you wasn’t so busy being a lil nasty Jezebel!”

“Mama! I ain’t got time for your bullshit today! You can go on with that mess like for real!” I threw my gaze back to the apartment building’s front door ready to go inside. I wasn’t gonna let her stupid ass in either. Bitch, I got shit to do.

“Oh no! You got time for it today, young lady! I heard about what happened to you!”

I froze. “How?!?”

“Ya little strippin’ friend’s mama came into my Facebook inbox crying! Talkin’ bout you got her caught up in some mess!”

“How the fuck she even find you?!?”

“I don’t know and I don’t care! All I know is I know what yo nasty ass has been up to. We talked about this and now I’m gonna run down to the judge and tell them to take away ALL of your custody. You are a HORRIBLE mother AND a daughter. Got me out here lookin’ crazy!”

As soon as she said those words I was ready to wrap my hands around this bitch’s throat. My mother was one of those fake ass, born-again Christians who swore she was better than everyone else just ‘cuz she knew Jesus. She always was judging people when the bitch had a past herself. Her ass USED to be a crackhead! And she used to let all types of niggas run through her tired ass.

Now that she was on some holier-than-thou bullshit ‘cuz she found Christ, she was going around acting like she was the best mother and

grandma in the world.

“Bitch, try me if you want to! I swear to God!” I said as I balled my fists. I needed to calm down or else I was gonna catch another charge.

Mama saw me balling up my fists. “OR YOU GON DO WHAT?!? Lil girl, you need God! That’s what you need! But I ain’t playing with you. Darquayvious needs a better mother. You are reckless!”

“Bitch! Fuck you! You’re the reckless one! Reckless with your mouth. You used to be a fucking crackhead but now you think you better than folks ‘cuz you read the bible and pray. Bitch, pray for a better job and a wig!”

“See! There you go! That attitude! That mouth of yours is gonna be your undoing. I’m serious, too, NuNu! I’m getting full custody over Darquayvious. And by the way, once I do, I hope you know the State will be sending me a big ole nice check to take care of him, too. If you wasn’t so busy popping pills and smoking that reefer, maybe he wouldn’t be autistic.”

That was it. I had enough.

“BITCH! I’MMA FUCK YOU UP!” I screamed and lunged at my mother. I didn’t care anymore. Lock my ass up ‘cuz I was finne beat a bitch's ass!

# Chapter Seven

A week later...

"You're lucky she's not going to press charges, Nashawna," Rasheeda, one of the prosecutors who offered me a deal, said as she shook her head. "What would make you do something like that anyway?"

"She pressed my buttons! She threatened to take full custody away from me. I barely see my son as is."

"Well, it looks like that's gonna happen now, Nashawna. Look, I'm going to mandate you also enroll in anger management as a part of your plea deal. Attacking your mother was totally uncalled for!"

"What?!? Come on! I just got out and my mama was already harassing me over some bullshit! This ain't right!"

"Nashawna, there's a lot about life you won't like. But that doesn't give you the right to put your hands on anyone. Now look, either enroll in the anger management class or go to prison. And we'll revoke the plea deal. On that note, I said what I said and now I'm done," Rasheeda declared as she stood up from her seat and made her way over to her office door.

I exhaled and shook my head. This was some bullshit for real for real.

It was Thursday morning and I was sitting inside of Rasheeda's office. Ironically, I was supposed to be meeting with Mr. Baines' nasty ass in a few hours.

After I pretty much beat my mama's ass for talking cash money shit, unfortunately, I got locked up. AGAIN!

This time though, I got out within a few hours. My mama decided not to press charges against me for "assaulting" her. Prosecutors told her I had a plea deal and that if she pressed charges, I was going straight to prison. Guess the hypocritical bitch felt sorry enough for

me to spare me hard prison time.

Yeah, so I put my hands on my own mama. I'on give a fuck! I felt like I was defending myself! I mean – how the fuck you just gon show up to my shit and try to go ham on me over some goofy ass shit you ain't know nothin' about?!?!

So what Kiara's stupid ass mama came into her inbox talkin' 'bout I got her daughter caught up?!? Bitch! ya daughter is GROWN. You hear me! FUCKING GROWN! Retarded ass bitch grown enough to pop out five kids from four different niggas! Was she caught the fuck up then? But all of a sudden, the bitch wanna act like she ain't know what the fuck she was getting herself into and now I was the one getting blamed for her getting locked up now?!? No! Fuck that! That raggedy bitch made her own decisions, so she gotta deal with them. Her mama just mad 'cuz her broke ass didn't have them funds to get her stupid ass daughter bonded the fuck out! And now she wanted to go cry to my mama talkin' about I ruined her life. The fuck?!? Really? It was weird as hell Kiara's mama would even slide in my mama's Facebook inbox like that anyways 'cuz my mama don't even know that bitch like that. And I only met Kiara's mama ONCE. I think that bitch must be on the pipe, too, 'cuz only a basehead ass dumb bitch would do some silly shit like that.

ANYWAYS…

Rasheeda gave me a call this morning and demanded I come down to her office to speak with her about what happened between me and my mother. And here I was, trying to justify my behavior. SELF-DEFENSE. Bitch should've never ran up on me like that with the bullshit.

Now what was really pissing me the fuck off was that now this Rasheeda hoe was trying to ding me for sticking up for myself. She didn't even wanna really hear my side. Said there was no point 'cuz nothing justified me putting my hands on the bitch.

"Fine then…," I replied. Fuck it. I had to do what I gotta do 'cuz at the end of the day, I still refused to go to prison.

I stood up and just as I was about to make my way out the door, Rasheeda said, "You're supposed to be going to meet up with your PO, right? Mr. Baines…"

"Yeah! Speaking of which—"

Rasheeda quickly interrupted me by saying, "Well, he's out on sick leave. He had a heart attack."

I froze in shock for a second. "Oh wow! How you know?"

"I called the PO's office this morning to check to see if you had started submitting your community service hours. And I also wanted to see if you had been faxing over your job search history."

I raised an eyebrow. "But it's just been a week though…Damn!"

Was she being for real right now?!? Like for real! A bitch JUST got out and you was already checking for me hard like this?!?

"It doesn't matter. And here's what you're gonna do though. You're gonna take your behind straight down to Apostolic so you could meet with the community service coordinator. His name is Kevon. He and I have already talked. He's expecting you within two hours."

"What about my PO appointment though?"

"I had them to change your scheduled PO meetings. You're coming back tomorrow to meet with Mrs. Hairston. She's a lot more thorough than Mr. Baines. I was going to be in that request for you to change POs anyways. I think you need someone who is gonna be more stern with you."

I shook my head and rolled my eyes to the dusty office ceiling. Just like that, I wished the nigga didn't have a heart attack. Yeah, he was a creep, but now this Mrs. Hairston bitch sounded like she was going to be worse. "This is just a lot. Damn, no wonder people be going back to jail. SHIT!"

"Exactly. And if you don't get your act straight, you're gonna be there with them… Now please get out of my office, stay out of trouble, do your damn requirements and TRY to live a normal life. It's not that hard…*Sis*."

Ughhh! I wanted to wrap my hands around this mixed bitch's throat! And just the way she said 'sis' had me ready to cuss her the fuck out. If this bitch didn't have my freedom in the palm of her hands, I would've been decked this blasian hoe in her fuckin' throat.

I fake smiled as I made my way to the door. "Thank you…*sis*. I'll check in with you later," I replied with sarcasm as I strolled out. Rasheeda slammed the door behind me.

"Fuckin' bitch…," I grumbled under my breath as I headed out the Cook County Prosecutor's Office and back to my car.

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"Hi, I'm here to meet with Mr. Kevon," I said to the church receptionist.

I had just walked through the doors of Apostolic Missionary Baptist Church. It was one of the largest churches on the South Side. I wouldn't be surprised if this was the church my raggedy ass mama go to.

The older black woman receptionist, who had a small gray afro paired with her dark skin, glanced up at me. "And you are?" she asked.

"My bad…My name is Nashawna Spearman. I'm supposed to be doing community service here."

"Ohhh! Yes. I believe Pastor Wilkins did say that he was expecting an appointment. He's also one of our youth pastors…Follow me," she

said as she stood up from her desk and walked over to me. “I’m Debra, by the way. I’m one of the church secretaries.” She reached her hand out and I shook it. “Nice to meet you, Debra.”

“What brings you down to Apostolic? Are you a member?” she asked as she escorted me down a hallway. The front of the church had a massive office wing. I never knew churches could be this big. For a second, I thought I was in some building in downtown. Like a law office or some shit.

“I gotta do community service for my probation requirement,” I said unapologetically. I knew she was gonna judge me, but hey, I didn’t give a fuck. I was just down here to do my service and that was it. I didn’t even really believe in God or Jesus like that, truth be told. Praying and none of that shit never worked in my opinion.

“Oh.” She then went silent and didn’t say another word until we arrived at Kevon or Pastor Wilkins’ office. She knocked. “Come in…,” a male voice said from the other side.

We walked into the huge office but as soon as my eyes landed on the pastor, a bitch fell instantaneously in love.

“Are you Nashawna?” Pastor Kevon said as he got up from his big leather office chair.

I gulped taking in this nigga’s overwhelming sexiness. He was tall and built like he was ready to make NBA’s first draft. His skin was dark cocoa like Ethiopian coffee beans. This fine ass nigga had Pacific Ocean waves roaring in his head. A light beard adorned his chiseled brown face. The moment he opened his mouth, I saw the straightest, whitest teeth I’d ever seen on a man. He was dressed in a three-piece Italian gray suit with matching gators. Nigga looked like a Mafioso or some shit.

He walked up to me and extended his hand. I shook it slowly. I wanted to feel those hands. You can tell a lot about a nigga just by his hands. They weren’t too soft but not too hard like he did hard labor. I could tell this nigga worked out at least five to six times a day. My God! This nigga now had me a believer. Believer that he probably had a big ass, thick dick hanging from between his legs.

“Nice to meet you,” I said and smiled. My eyes were unblinking as they attached to this man’s sexy ass face.

“Have a seat. I’ll take it from here, Debra,” he said to the church receptionist. “Well, we welcome you to our sanctuary, Ms. Spearman. Be blessed!” she said and walked out of the office, closing the door.

I sat down in the seat in front of his big oak desk. He took a seat, cleared his throat and rummaged through a manila folder in front of him.

He was quiet as he read through I guess some paperwork that had been sent over to him. While he kept his eyes locked to the paperwork

in front of him, I scanned his office while the smell of his cologne wafted in the air. That shit was driving me insane! Bitch, my pussy was getting so damn wet just smelling him! I was literally to the point where I was gonna have excuse myself and check on my kitty.

"So, Ms. Spearman…," Pastor Kevon uttered and then cleared his throat. "Three hundred hours is what you have to give us. We have multiple functions around the church. We have a pantry. A daycare. Several mentoring programs. Although I know you're doing this as a service requirement for probation, we might have to still background check you since you may end up volunteering with some of our babies. I'll have to check with Pastor Wilson to see what he—"

Suddenly Pastor Kevon was caught off guard by two knocks on the door. "It's open. Come in!"

The office door opened. "Pastor Wilkins! Just the man I wanted to see!"

"Hey, Pastor Wilson! I was just mentioning to you."

# Chapter Eight

"Oh, what were ya'll talking about?" Pastor Wilson asked in a deep, heavy, semi-country accent.

I turned around in my seat and looked at the man. I'd seen his face before from somewhere. I just couldn't remember. Hrrrm…I had to think about this one for a sec.

He glanced down at me with a huge smile stretched across his dark brown face. "And who are you, young lady?" he asked.

"Hi…My is Nashawna. Nashawna Spearman."

Pastor Kevon cleared his throat and said, "Pastor Wilson – Nashawna here is going to be doing some community service with us."

Pastor Wilson let out a slight snicker. "Oh really? You a college student or something?" he asked with this huge smile on his face.

This nigga reminded me just like that nigga that played the Bishop on the show *Greenleaf*! He was tall like a tree with a somewhat heavy build like he probably played football back in high school. He was wearing a dark-gray pinstripe suit that hugged his thick frame well. Damn, he probably did really work out though…

Shit, as I took a good look at him, I couldn't lie. And don't judge me for saying this – but for an old nigga, Pastor Wilson did look pretty good, I guess. He had silver wavy hair that connected to a well-trimmed beard that was the same color. I couldn't tell how old he was..Maybe sixty-five? Seventy? Ehh, he was definitely someone's granddaddy…But eww, the old bitches can have his ass! Not I! Bitch, I ain't tryin' to get worms. Nigga probably gotta pop a whole bottle of viagra, too. Nuh-uh. Fuck that! Nigga might die inside my pussy!

I quickly looked down at his wrist. I swear to God, this man had on a fifty-thousand dollar rolex! Had to be with the way that muhfucka glistened in my eyes! Trust me! If there was thing NuNu knew, it was jewelry! Yup, this was exactly where all you dumb bitches money was goin'! Straight to his wardrobe! I bet this nigga even got a Benz parked out front. Probably a Bentley. Probably live in some stupid ass mansion out in the 'burbs. Or probably somewhere in one of those big ass houses in Kenwood next to the Obamas and Farrakhan.

Then it hit me!

YUHHP! I knew where I seent this nigga before! I just saw his ass on a billboard on the 47th street bus! I think he was running for Mayor! Yup! That was him!

ANYWAYS…

"No, sir. I, umm, I'm doing this because I am on probation…," I answered.

Awkward silence suddenly filled the room.

I slightly smiled out of slight embarrassment. I mean, truth be told, it was kind of embarrassing I was having to explain to people why I had to do community service. But hey – it was whatever. Shit, truth be told, I probably wasn't the first to come down here to do community service either.

"Oh, ok. Well, I'm glad you chose Apostolic to do your requirement," he said as he looked me up and down. He paused for a moment and then said, "Shoot, we might have to use your hours to work out our members. You look like you're in pretty good shape, young lady!"

Hrrrm…Yeah, there we go…I knew it! Typical man! See, I just knew from the moment this nigga walked in, I could tell he was gonna eventually be on some fuck shit. All men be on bullshit regardless of who they are. Pastor or dope boy. All men love pussy. Especially good-lookin' young pussy. No man is excluded unless he gay.

I would be flattered by his comment to an extent. I had that type of bedazzling effect regardless of where I went. Granted, because I was a dancer, I had to keep myself in shape. Aside from my looks, I guess just from the way I walked, talked and even carried myself, men just knew I was on some low-key nasty hoe shit. Like, why lie? I dance and occasionally fuck niggas to make ends meet. Should shrug.

I swear! I could go around without make up and weave, and even wear a fucking *Felicia The Crackhead* outfit, and niggas will always still try to find a way how to shoot their shot.

"Yeah, I try my best to stay in shape."

"I can tell!" he continued. Then he looked at Pastor Kevon and said, "Can you and I have a word in private for a second?"

"Sure, Pastor." Pastor Kevon then looked at me and said, "I'm going to step outside with the Pastor for a second. Just give us a few minutes…"

"I won't be long," Pastor Wilson said as he gawked at me with a smile.

"No worries. I ain't got nowhere else to go," I said.

"Thank you…"

Pastor Kevon and Pastor Wilson exited the office. As soon as the door closed, I pulled out my cell phone and shot Jessica a text. I told

her I was gonna hit her line when I got out of here.

About five or six minutes later, both men strolled back in.

Pastor Wilson stood next to me, looked down at me and asked, “So, Ms. Spearman, do you know who I am? What I am doing?”

“Ehhh, I think. You’re running for Mayor, right?” I said curiously.

“Yup! We just launched the campaign a day ago. Right now, I’m looking for volunteers. Now, although you were supposed to be technically volunteering for the church, which is a registered 501-c-3 organization, we’re going to finagle some things a bit so we can use your hours for the campaign. How does that sound?”

I thought for a second. This shit sounded kind of shady. But why was I not surprised. “Is this legal? I mean, can I do this? I think I should talk to my PO about this…”

“No, no, no. No need to do that. We will coordinate everything with Rasheeda. She’s on board. She’s a good friend to the church.”

“We’ll even give you a stipend, too,” Pastor Kevon interjected. “We’ll pay you about $400 a week. In cash. How does that sound?”

This was weird as fuck but I guess they sounded pretty legit. “Okay,” I said slightly shrugging my shoulders. “So, ya’ll gon have me volunteer on the campaign and ya’ll gon pay me $400 a week? In cash? I don’t know…I mean, this don’t—”

“I mean, look, if you aren’t comfortable, young sister, we understand. We just thought you might need the financial assistance,” Pastor Wilson explained. “You can just stick with working in the Pantry.”

“Okay, I’ll go ahead and do this then…”

“Great!” Pastor Wilson exclaimed.

# Chapter Nine

After I pretty much agreed to be a "paid" volunteer on Pastor Wilson's campaign for mayor, I spent the rest of my day at the church getting a tour of the facility.

The church owned a vacant building next door and was using it as his campaign headquarters. That was where I was going to be doing most of my volunteering.

Pastor Wilson told me I was going to be doing everything – passing out flyers, circulating petitions, making phone calls, etc. I had no idea what any of that meant but he said they would train me.

Pastor also said that I was going to be meeting with the campaign manager next week and from there, I would need to hit the ground running. I wasn't expecting all of this really. Shit, I also still needed to get a job like ASAP.

But then, they were gonna pay me $400 a week. I was only gonna be technically volunteering ten hours a week, too, which was crazy! $40 an hour just to pass out flyers! So, I probably could still look for another job in the meantime.

By now, I had made it back to my crib. A bitch was starving. I ordered a pizza from Italian Fiesta and was waiting for them to come. I was laying up in my bed watching TV when my phone started to ring. It was Jessica.

"Wassup, bitch! I was just about to call yo ass!" I answered.

"Girl! You won't believe who I just ran into!"

"Who?!?"

"Fuckin' Kiara! Guess she finally bailed the fuck out!"

"Where you see her scary ass at?!?"

"Bitch, at Walgreens! And guess what! Her ass was straight spillin' all types of tea about'chu! Said you was a muhfuckin' liar. Said that you had told her that ya'll was gonna drug that man and take off with his money. I mean, she went on and on! Bitch, she is tellin' everyone your business!"

I gasped. "BITCH! WHAT?!? I KNOW YOU FUCKIN' LYIN'! OOOOH! I swear ta God! Yo, look, bitch, if I see her ass in the streets,

it's muhfuckin' crackin! I swear ta God!"

Now I knew Kiara's ass wasn't that bold! She a muhfuckin' lie! Ain't nobody was gon drug Darryl. I was just gonna give him sleeping pills and then we were gonna take off with his credit cards and shit. But UGHHH! These bitches ain't built worth a damn nowadays! See, this was exactly how bitches get fucked up! Now she was crossing the line all the way! That was some straight-up pussy shit like for real! Any other day, a pussy hoe would get straight murdered for running her mouth like this! What the fuck was Kiara thinking?!? She knew better!

"Girl, what you gon do? You can't put ya hands on her!" Jessica said. She was right. UGHH!

"Bitch! I got a name to protect! She got me fucked up! Like, she gon make me lose my shits off her goofazz! I can't even think about this shit right now!"

By now I was shaking with anger. Like, something was in me to hop my ride and slide up on that pussy hoe!

"Girl, just relax! Ain't no one takin' her snitchin' ass serious any damn way!"

"But still! You know what! You right though. She a stupid lil hoe anyways. Bitch can't even dance. Her bad-bodied self." I calmed down for a sec. "Anyways, girl…So, let me tell you about this pastor who I'm gonna be working for…"

"Girl, I was just finne say! CHILE!" Jessica interrupted. "Bitch, I got this old nigga running me straight stacks!"

"Really?!? I wonder he is like the nigga who I'm gonna be working for. Pastor Wilson is his name."

Suddenly I could hear Jessica get silent.

"You still there?"

"Wait! Bitch…Hold up..You're gonna be working down at Apostolic?"

"Yeah!" I thought for a second. "Wait! Don't tell me you fuckin' that nigga, girl! He runnin' for mayor!"

"Ughhh! Yes! I know!"

"Wait?!?! This nigga is a PASTOR! Like, he runs a whole ass church! He's cheating on his wife with you?!?"

"Girl, fuck yeah! And we've been fucking for the last three months. I was gon tell you but you know we had been beefin' and what not!"

"How in the fuck you even met old dude? This shit crazy as fuck, g!"

This was mind-blowing. Here I was thinking I was tripping about this man. When we first met, I kind of got that slimy feeling from him that he was that type of nigga. But then I just wrote it off as my own paranoia. Hoes like me swear every nigga out there is always on the

hunt for some pussy. After hours of talking to the man, he seemed cool and my weird vibe about him went away. He talked about his campaign. Talked about how he was gonna do this and that. Most of it went over my head. So, after that, I pretty much was like let me just get these hours and money and move the fuck on. But now hearing Jessica tell me she was fucking this nigga was off the muhfuckin' chain! Like, I didn't see this shit coming at all!

"Girl. I ain't even gon start on that! That's a long story! Just know the nigga is nasty as hell. I ain't gon tell a soul though. He been breakin' me off right!"

"Oh my fuckin' God! That shit is crazy!"

"I mean…He old as fuck! How old is he? How his body look? He got a big dick?"

"Girl. He seventy-one 'bout to turn seventy-two in a month. His body aiight, but he is old. Got taco meat on his chest and shit. His balls be droopin' damn near down to his kneecaps. But girl, his dick is GIGANTIC. Like the size of a baseball bat!"

"Ewww! Bitch! I'm 'bout to throw the fuck up! His dick really that big though?" I clutched the fuck out of my chest.

"Bitch, yasss! I know it sound nasty but I didn't mind. I mean, shit, his dick better than some of these other trash dick niggas out here. I'll tell you that!"

"Can he fuck? Where the fuck ya'll even be meeting up at?"

"Girl, yes! And eat pussy! Ass, too! Girl, that nigga is just a freak!"

"Shit! But wait, you didn't answer my other question!"

"Oh! Yeah, girl, we meet up at different spots. He usually text me a place to meet up here and there. Sometimes it be a regular ass motel. Sometimes a hotel in Downtown. All over really. He don't like to stay in one spot."

"Damnnnnn…His wife though. That's so fucked up. And this nigga supposed to be a pastor. A damn shame," I said shaking my head.

"Girl, he talk so much shit about her, too. Talkin' 'bout they ain't had sex in like almost twenty years. Said the bitch smell like bacon and fish all the time."

"Oh God No! That is horrible!"

"Tell me about it! But hey, it is what it is. Bitch, two hours of letting him do what he wanna do is how I was able to pay off Marquise daycare for the rest of the year. And now I'm 'bout to finally open up my catering business! Gotta get yo start-up funds from somewhere, lil heaux!"

"Shit, g! Put me on!"

"Girl, bye! He MY nigga! Find ya own! You already took my other man," Jessica replied laughing but I knew she was somewhat serious.

I playfully smacked my teeth. "Yeah, I'on wanna share another

nigga anymore anyways. Especially an old nigga. I got my eyes on Kevon though."

"Girl, he GAY!"

"BITCH! NO! STAHHHP IT!"

# Chapter Ten

A month passed.

It was a Wednesday mid-morning and I was sitting inside of the "Wilson For Mayor" headquarters.

So far, volunteering down here had been a breeze. Mr. Garrison, the campaign manager, had me making phone calls to people asking them to come out to rallies and community meetings.

I'd been going to my PO meetings with no issues. Pastor Wilson even had one of his assistants to help me look for a job. Now, I was working part-time as a call center representative for a hospital. Although I was working part-time, I couldn't complain. The pay was decent – I was making $30 an hour.

Things seemed "normal" for me now. Truthfully, I did miss the large amounts of fast money I used to make dancing. Now, I wasn't able to buy the things I used to get all the time. But the more I thought about it, the more I thought of how the trade-off was worth it. I was getting tired of the club anyways. Management was always on some shady shit. The niggas that used to come up in there were always fucking disrespectful. And then, as ya'll knew, I was fucking random ass niggas here and there to make extra cash.

Honestly, I couldn't believe I let myself get that far. The more I thought about it, the more I realized mama was right to an extent. Granted, I still hated that bitch. But I guess she didn't want me going down the same road as she did. So, to a degree, I can respect how she felt about the shit I used to do.

Speaking of which, my mama was adamant about getting full custody of my son. I didn't know how I felt about that honestly. Deep down, I knew I was a bad mother. I had my son during a time when I had so much going on. That shit my mama said about me being the reason why I caused Quay's severe autism really broke me.

When I was pregnant with him, I admit, I was still doing dumb shit like smoking and drinking from time to time. I started to notice around the age of two that something was wrong with him. He never talked. Never even smiled. He was always to himself. He only played

with the toys I bought him. I knew something was wrong with him but I didn't want to admit it. I just ignored it until one of his babysitters brought up his issues one day. My auntie Carolyn, my mama's sister, took me and Quay down to a speech pathologist to get Quay tested for learning disabilities. That was when we found out he was on the autism spectrum. The doctor said he was far on the spectrum, too. So, for the most part, Quay would need help for the rest of his life.

About a year ago, my mama and I started beefing about money. I lent her $1000 so she could put a down payment on a car. She said she was gonna pay me back but she never did. When I kept pressing her about the issue, that was when she busted out with some "I'm ya mama. I did so much for you as a child that I'on need to pay you back" bullshit. And knew it was bullshit since she was a crackhead for most of my childhood. She cared more for the rock and for the streets than she did for me.

I threatened to take her ass to court and she knew she was gonna lose, too. The moment I threatened to sue her ass, next thing you know, DCFS came knocking on my door on reports that I had been beating my son. Quay had a bruise on his arm 'cuz he fell down the stairs of my apartment one day. The DCFS caseworker lady saw it and they began an investigation on me. My mama ran her mouth about how I was stripping, I wasn't taking Quay to speech therapy, wasn't do this, doing that, etc. Next thing you know, her ass managed to convince a judge to give her temporary custody. So now, she has been keeping my son. I was only allowed to see him once a week. Truth be told, I hadn't been visiting him. It was just too depressing knowing my mama was doing all of this to me. It was also depressing that my son couldn't speak and express his love to me. I always imagined I'd have a child who would tell me all day long they loved me. I ain't never had someone really tell me that, to be honest with you.

"You alright over there?" Rebecca, one of the campaign volunteers, asked. I guess she saw me in a daze as I sat behind a computer silently. I took the headset off my head and exhaled. "Yeah, I was just thinking about life."

"What's wrong?"

"Nothin'…" I was obviously lying.

"I can tell something is wrong," Rebecca said. She was much older than me – probably in her late forties. She was medium brown with long curly hair that ran down to her shoulders. She kind of reminded me of a thicker Halle Berry. "You sure everything alright? Usually, you would've been talking all day long!"

"I'm just mad with my mom, that's all," I said.

"You want to talk about it? Let's go grab some coffee," she said.

"Okay," I said. We both stood up and made our way over to an area that had been converted into a makeshift breakroom. Rebecca and I walked over to a countertop. We made some coffee and then talked. "So, what's up?" Rebecca asked.

"My mom…She's trying to get full, permanent custody over my son."

"Oh, wow, I'm sorry to hear that! Are you going to fight it?"

"I want to. But I just don't know where to start, to be honest with you…Like, I know I'm gonna need to get a lawyer or somethin'."

"Yes, you will. I don't know if I told you this, but I retired from a law firm. I used to be a paralegal. I know plenty of lawyers. I don't know if you know this either but Pastor Wilson is a lawyer, too!"

"He is?!? He never told me that!"

"Yes. A good one at that. Why you think he has so much money and clout? You never heard of the law firm, 'Wilson, Gates & Associates'?"

"Nah," I replied with a raised brow.

"Girl, you must live under the rock. You do realize Pastor Wilson is the real deal. You should talk to him."

"Yeah, but he just seems so busy," I said. I actually hadn't seen him in over a week. Then I started to think – Jessica – I hadn't hit her up in some time either. I wonder if she was still messing with his ass.

Speaking of which – since I had been volunteering down here, it was blowing me how much this man was so charming. He had his way with people. I couldn't lie. He was really smooth with it. I can kind of see how Jessica got caught up with his ass. I wonder if he was fucking anyone else around here. Shit, who knew, but all I knew this man was putting on a front big time. I wasn't gonna run my mouth though 'cuz unlike Kiara, I ain't no fucking snitch. Besides, it is what it is. ALL men fuck other women. Even pastors…

"Yeah, he might be busy, but Pastor is very generous. He might be able to lend a helping hand. You should talk to him really…"

"I'll have to see…I'm sorry I'm dishing out all of my problems to you, Rebecca."

"Girl! Stop it! We are cool. You can talk to me about anything."

I leaned in and gave Rebecca a hug. She was a nice lady and I truly did enjoy our conversations when we volunteered together.

We made our way back into what Pastor Wilson called the "strategy room". The storefront we were in used to be a daycare apparently. So far there were about fifteen us volunteers who made phone calls all day long. We at foldable tables that formed a massive "U" shape. We all worked off laptops.

I sat back down in my seat, opened up my laptop and put my headset back on. Just as I was about to start calling folks again, I saw

Pastor Wilson saunter through the front door. My mouth dropped. This man wasn't dressed like he was ready to deliver a sermon but deliver some dick!

Pastor Wilson had on a tight-fitting short-sleeve black shirt that hugged his semi-muscular, thick frame. Nigga's biceps were out and built. So, I knew for sure he definitely hit the gym from time to time. Wow! He had on a pair of jeans. Some dress shoes were on his feet. They looked like some Bruno Maglis. Of course, he still had that Rolex on. Seemed like it got shinier, too. His thick Prada cologne wafted in the air. I couldn't lie – I was getting slightly turned on from the aroma. I loved the way cologne smelled. Girl! SNAP OUT OF IT! Eww! That was someone's granddaddy! Yeah, let me stop thinking such nastiness. Just EWW!

"Good morning, everyone!" he announced with a huge smile stretched across his broad face.

"Good morning, Pastor," a few replied nonchalantly. That was because most were still on phone calls.

Pastor Wilson threw a stare at me and then made his way over to me. "Hey there, Ms. Spearman. Haven't seen you in some time. How's it been? You gettin' a hang of things?" he asked.

"Yes, sir. This is easy work."

"Yeah, she's killing it, Pastor," Rebecca commented. "She's one of the best volunteers here. She's a beast when it comes to calling up donors."

"Wow! That's good to hear! You have monumental purpose, young lady."

"Thank you," I replied bashfully.

"Pastor Wilson…Ms. Nashawna didn't know you were an attorney as well. She might need some legal advice…," Rebecca then said.

Pastor Wilson paused for a moment and then glanced back down at me. "What seems to be the issue?"

"It's about my son."

"Let's talk in private if you don't mind…"

"Okay," I replied. I got up and we both walked to an empty office in the far end of the storefront.

Once we got inside the unfurnished office, Pastor closed the door. "So what seems to be the issue?" he asked.

"Well, I'm going through it with my mama. She's trying to get full custody over my son…"

"Oh, I'm sorry to hear that," he said. "What happened?"

"It's a long story…"

"I love long stories. Let me hear it and I'll see how I can help…"

"Well, about a year ago, my son fell down the stairs at my apartment building. He had a bruise on his arm. Now, my mama and I

had already been going through some issues 'cuz I let her borrow a thousand dollars for me so she could get a car. When she didn't want to pay me back and I threatened to sue her, that was when she called DCFS on me. Then next thing you know she told them about how I did this, did that, bleh bleh."

"Did this and that like what?"

"Like, said I hadn't been taking him to therapy. That I stripped—" SHIT! I clutched my mouth realizing I just dropped that nugget of info that Pastor probably didn't know. "I'm sorry," I apologized.

"It's okay, Nashawna. I already know…"

"You know what?"

"That you used to be a dancer…"

I paused for a moment. I got nervous and gulped. "How you know?"

"I do my homework on everyone around here. Plus, I can't have no one ruining my campaign."

"So…You okay with me and my background?"

He chuckled and licked his lips. "Of course…I mean, it's not like you still dance…Do you?"

I was silent for a moment. Then I said, "No…I can't. My plea deal won't allow it."

"Okay, well, we all have a past…"

Silence entered the room. Pastor Wilson smiled and then said, "So, it sounds like you need a lawyer."

"Yeah, I do…"

"I can represent you pro-bono."

"What that mean?" I asked with a raised brow.

"I'll take on your case for free."

"Really? For free?" Was he fucking with me? Who did shit for free? Nah, I knew this was going to come with strings attached. I could feel it! My stomach growled just thinking of what he was going to say next.

"Yes…Free…" Then he paused. "Well, not really. Nothing in life is free. I won't charge you a dime, but I do have a request though if I take on your case."

"And what's that?" Butterflies filled my stomach. I knew what he was about to ask. He looked me up and down as he held his arms by his elbows. His eyes turned into a seductive slatted gaze. He let out a slight chuckle and uttered, "You already know what I want…"

# Chapter Eleven

I stood there silent. My breathing intensified. My heart felt like it was about to explode out of my chest. “I, ummm…You want me to suck yo dick?”

Suddenly, Pastor Wilson’s mouth dropped . He frowned. “Excuse me? What did you say?!?”

I grabbed my mouth and quickly apologized. “Oh, I’m so stupid, Pastor Wilson! I’m so sorry, sir! I didn’t mean that. I just—”

“Young lady, I was going to ask if you could work for me full-time!” Pastor interjected with anger still laced in his tone. “I’m a married man. Faithfully married for fifty years!”

“Oh, I’m sorry! I just didn’t. I, ummm, I…It was just the way you said it! And the look you gave me!”

“Ms. Spearman!” Pastor growled as he rapidly shook his head. “Unfortunately, I’m going to have to ask you to leave the premises ASAP. I do not condone that type of behavior or any allusion to it. AT ALL!”

“NO! Please! Pastor Wilson! I didn’t mean that! Please! I really need this job!”

“Ma’am! Please! Just leave! That was totally inappropriate! And I thought you may have learned your lesson and changed your irresponsible ways. You have much to learn about the real world. This is not the streets or the strip club. So, on that note, I’ll have Pastor Wilkins inform your PO of the hours you’ve completed thus far. Have a nice day and immediately see your way out!” he said then quickly stormed out of the office.

I stood there perplexed! I couldn’t believe I just did that stupid shit! BITCH! You are stupid. Tears suddenly escaped my eyes. I ran out of the office and back to my desk.

Rebecca saw me crying and she asked, “What’s wrong?!?”

I didn’t say anything. I just grabbed my shit and left. Fuck this place!

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“Bitch! Fuck him and that stupid ass church!”

“HAHAHAH! Girl, why the fuck would you just outright and say that silly shit?!?! What the fuck was going through your head!”

“Bitch, I’on know?!? It was just the way he asked and said it. It was like he was trying to bait me! Like it was a set-up question!”

Soon as I got “fired” from my volunteer position, I ran my mad ass back home. I was on the verge of just saying fuck it! Let me do what I do best and go back to this hoe shit! But I had to calm myself down. I had to keep my mind together otherwise if I fucked around and made a stupid ass decision, I was gonna head straight to prison.

I had just called Jessica to tell her what the fuck happened and she thought this shit was funny. I DIDN’T! My livelihood was on the line.

“Ughhh! Bitch! Of course, he wasn’t going to be like, 'yeah, come suck dis dick'! He’s a PASTOR! A politician! Nigga has a law degree! He’s smarter than that! He probably thought YOU were trying to set his ass up!”

“Bitch, whatever! And this ain’t funny!”

“Yes the fuck it is! I mean, I know you needed the money but shit! See, yo ass ain't got no type of social skills. You spent so much time in the club, you think all niggas think the same way. BESIDES, I thought I said he was MY nigga?!? Why would that even cross your mind if he was going?!?”

“Yeah, yeah, yeah, but I was pressed against the fucking wall! I was vulnerable. I was thinking about all the shit my mama putting me through and I needed real help. I felt like he baited me!”

“Girl, you baited yourself!”

“Fuck you!”

“WHAT?!? You know what. On that note, I’mma let yo ass chill ‘cuz you on one.” Jessica hung up the phone.

I smacked my teeth and threw my phone off to the side. I was starting not to like her raggedy ass anymore either. That bitch was super-fake and phony. Here she was, trying to make me look like a stupid ass slut, yet when she was the one out here letting some old ass, fake ass Pastor fuck her.

Granted, I understood why she was doing what she was doing, but she showed no sympathy for the situation I was just in. It was like she thought this shit was a joke. This was my livelihood at the moment and suddenly it was taken away from me all because of one big mistake that came out of my mouth. And then, ughh, I could only imagine what Pastor Kevon was gonna tell Rasheeda, too. UGHH! I

just dreaded a phone call from her ass.

No! Fuck that! Nah! I wasn't gonna let that fuck nigga just fire me over a simple mistake! I knew now what I had to do. And I didn't give a fuck if I was gonna lose Jessica as a friend permanently. She was too shady at times for me, any damn way.

Now, I know I told ya'll I wasn't no damn snitch, but hey – guess what?!? REAL BITCHES GOTTA DO WHAT THEY GOTTA DO!

Pastor Wilson was about to meet the real me. Not the nice "Ms. Nashawna Spearman". Nah, nigga, yo ass gon meet Ms. NuNu! Fuck nigga gon realize my coins ain't for play play.

# Chapter Twelve

"Yeah, keep suckin' that shit, you nasty lil bitch you," Pastor Wilson moaned on the video as Jessica went up and down his dick.

It was a video he took and actually had sent it to her. Shit was amazing.

All I could see was Jessica slobbering up and down his shaft. This bitch sucked his dick like she had a gun held to her head and her hoe ass life was on the fucking line! Jessica's ass wasn't lying though. Pastor Wilson had a dick the size of a brick!

Pastor Wilson sent her the secret video through SnapChat thinking the shit was going to go away after a certain amount of time and she would never have access to it again. Nigga thought he was so smart and slick, even for a man in his seventies. But what his old, stupid ass didn't realize was that you could use an app to download SnapChat videos before they expired.

And her ass did just exactly that! She downloaded the video and saved it to her iCloud. Like I said, yes, the bitch was smart. She was going to use the video as evidence in case some shit popped off between them. But here was where the stupid bitch messed up. She also sent the video to me! Guess it was her way of having back up in case something happened to her. She needed someone who she 'trusted' to hold onto the video. So, she sent it to me thinking she could trust me.

But now that I was out of a fucking job and I knew I was gonna get chewed out by that damn DA Rasheeda, I was going to use my copy of the video to expose Pastor Wilson's ass. Sorry, Jessie! Can't trust NOBODY in these streets, boo boo!

Pastor Wilson aka "Chicago's next Mayor Man Of God" – that was the stupid shit people used to say around the campaign office – was gonna have his entire life fucked once I put this shit all over Facebook, Instagram, SnapChat, Twitter and Tumblr! Fuck nigga ain't gon see it coming. Might even drive his ass into having a heart attack.

But here is where he might have some saving grace... I was gonna show the video to him, actually. See what he had to say about it.

And then I was going to demand he pay me $300,000 in CASH. Why three-hunned k? Shit, I'on know. It just sounded like a big ass number. A number big enough for me to pay off my car note and pay my rent in full for the next two years. And then I could also get a lawyer so I could get custody back over my son. Yup! This nigga was about to feel sorry for quickly letting me go. Nigga said he did his homework on me, so he ain't know I was Chi-town's number one finesser?!? Obviously NOT!

I continued to watch the video as I shook my head watching this dude nut all over Jessica's face. This bitch looked straight stupid letting this old man do this to her, too. Granted, I didn't mind letting a nigga nut all over my face from time to time. I'd only do that for a nigga I was in love with. But Jessica – her ass got a whole ass fiancee and two kids. It was fucking pathetic she was letting this old ass nigga do all this to her just for some money while her nigga and kids thought she was just a legit, hardworking hustler.

"Bitch, you like that! You like that piss all over yo face, you lil nasty bitch!" Pastor Wilson groaned as he then sprayed peepee all over Jessica's face.

I suddenly gasped and clutched my damn chest, bitch! That shit was FOUL! "EWW! NO, BITCH! YOU LET THIS NIGGA PISS ON YOU?!?" I groaned out loud! "HAHAHA! This shit is GOLD! NO PUN INTENDED!"

I exited out of the vide on my phone and then decided it was time to put this plan into action ASAP. I had no time to waste. I needed to execute this shit ASAP before they called my PO and Rasheeda. I quickly threw an outfit back on and then made my way out the door and to my car. Once I got into my car, I sped off to the church.

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"Hey, Ms. Debra! Pastor Wilson in his office?" I asked as I approached the church receptionist. By now it was almost two pm.

"Hey, Nashawna! I haven't seen you in a while! How's it been?"

"Good! Can't complain." "You?" I asked.

"My sista, I'm blessed! Cannot complain. I'm a ten-year breast cancer survivor. God has been VERY good to me!"

"That is good to hear!" I replied with a fake smile. *Come on, bitch, where the nigga at!* I thought as I wanted this bitch to hurrup.

"Well, let me dial Pastor Wilson and see where he's at…"

“Okay.” I smiled again. “Tell him it’s urgent…”

Debra dialed Pastor Wilson’s office. “Hey, Pastor Wilson…Ms. Spearman is here to see you. She said it's urgent.”

Debra’s face turned flat. She muzzled the bottom of the phone and tightened her lips. “So, Pastor Wilson wants to know the exact reason why you need to see him. He’s pretty busy he said.”

“Tell him its about my pay.”

Debra unglued her hand from the bottom end of the phone and replied, “She said its about her pay, Pastor…” They talked for a few more seconds and then she hung up the phone. “He said you can see him.”

“Thanks…” I made my way down the hallway of the church’s administration wing. Pastor Wilson’s office was on the very far end.

I got to the door and knocked three times.

“Come in,” I heard Pastor Wilson say in a low and cautioned tone.

I walked in, my body slightly trembling with fear. But I quickly killed that nervous shit! I was about to be bold as fuck.

“Hey, Pastor Wilson,” I said as I approached his massive oak office desk. Guess he had been reading over some scripture when I interrupted him ‘cuz he had this big ass bible open in front of him.

He glanced up at me and took off his reading glasses. He closed the big ass white bible and then uttered, “Ms. Spearman…I thought I told you that you were not welcome back here.”

“Pastor Wilson, I made a simple mistake. That’s all!” I said now standing in front of him. I rapidly tapped my foot against the floor.

“Oh Really? In all honesty, seems like you were trying to set me up. I am a man of God and a man of the people. You’ve worked with us long enough to know what’s at stake for my election. Why would you even say something like that? I can’t trust someone like you to be around us and in our church,” he said as he sat from behind his desk.

His office was unreal though. I thought Pastor Kevon’s office was nice. But Pastor Wilson’s office was immaculate. For a hot second, my hoe ass thought I was inside of a castle in France or some shit. Like I was about to expose the fuckin’ King of England!

This nigga had this place decked the fuck out like Martha Stewart’s old white ass personally designed this place. A massive chandelier glistened from the center of the ceiling, illuminating the entire office space. Dark mahogany crown molding ran across the walls.

There was a separate den-like area where three long leather black couches formed a U around a coffee table. A big ass hi-def TV attached to one of the adjacent walls glowed in the dimly lit room. Some news on CNN lowly blared.

Truth be told, the office was big enough to be a business in itself. Soon as I walked in, I saw a small kitchenette, a conference room, and

even another separate office. Shit, a bitch could live up in here if they wanted to. Wouldn't surprise me if the nigga also had a secret bedroom up in here, too!

"It was just a mistake, sir! And you know that! But I think you just messin' with me 'cuz I know the truth!"

"Truth about what?" he asked with a raised brow. Now I could see I had piqued this fuck nigga's interest!

"You 'memba how you said you did your homework on*homework*on me?"

"Yeah…"

"Well, I been did my homework on you." I pulled out my cell phone from my purse. I already had the video loaded, ready to play. "You been fuckin' my girl, Jessica."

"Excuse me?" he said with a gulp then pursed his long lips. "What are you talking about?" he asked as he emerged from his seat and strolled up to me. His eyes turned to slits.

I played the video…

# Chapter Thirteen

*"Yeah, keep suckin' that shit, you nasty, lil bitch you. Yeah, wrap that tongue around that head. Ughh huh. Now work on them balls. Oooh! Ooh! Ooh! Careful though…Damn you can suck a dick, guhl."*

"ENOUGH!" Pastor Wilson growled as he suddenly yanked me by my shirt collar and pulled me into him. "Where the fuck did you get that video from, bitch?" His grip got tighter and now I could feel his hot breath blazing on my face and neck.

"LET ME GO!" I yelled and suddenly tried to fight him off me. "Get your fuckin' hands off me, nigga!" I tried to get away from his ass!

"Don't run! Get back here!" he yelled and yanked back into him, but this harder. Felt like the nigga was ready to beat my ass. But I was NOT about to let this senior citizen put his fuckin' hands on me! Oh no! This nigga got me fucked up! He got the right one today!

"Now keep yo goddamn mouth shut!" he said quickly looking around. "Now don't fuck with me! Where you get this video?!?"

"Oh, why you want me to be quiet?!? 'Cuz you don't want nobody to know yo dirt, you lyin' ass muhfucka! Fake ass Christian! I knew you was a fake from the day my eyes laid on yo pimp daddy preacher ass!"

Pastor Wilson froze and didn't say anything for a moment. "So, she sent you this video?!? How you even get this? Don't mess with me!" he asked in a heavy, threatening growl.

"Uh huh! Now it's all coming out, huh!" I exclaimed with a big smile on my face. I just knew I had this nigga now! CLOWN ASS!

"Please! Just ANSWER the question."

"You sent it to her through SnapChat and yo old ass thought the video would just disappear after a certain amount of time! You didn't think you could actually use another app to download the video, huh?!?"

"God-fuckin'-damn it!" he roared. Suddenly, he let me go and ran toward his office door. He locked it and then ran back up to me.

"So, what do you want?" He threw his hands up in the air and said, "FINE! You can have your lil raggedy ass volunteer position

back! You want a raise, too?!?" Fuck nigga shivered with fear. His hands were on his waist as he kept a menacing gawk locked onto me.

I laughed out loud! "No, no, no…No, fuck that job. Nigga, you gon pay me big fuckin' time! Nigga, I want three-hunned THOU!"

Pastor's face scrunched into disgust as he looked me up and down. "Bitch! You CRAY-ZAY as HELL if you think I'm finne pay yo nasty hoe ass $300,000! Are you high?!? Where in the hell you think I'm gonna get that kind of money from?!?"

"Your campaign, nigga! I know you got it! White people stay givin' you they money!"

Pastor lowered and shook his head. "You nasty lil devilish bitch you…I oughta…"

"OUGHTA WHAT?!?"

He froze and kept staring at me. His eyes by now were bloodshot red. I stared right back at his ass. But the more I looked into his eyes, the more I realized they were yellowish-looking. Damn, this nigga looked like an alcoholic.

"So what do you plan on doing with the video?" he asked in a low, deep voice. "I assume you gon try to expose me now, huh. Try to ruin my life? You young bitches, I swear…Should've never messed with that guttersnipe!"

"Yup! I'm finne put yo ass on blast, fuck nigga! But you can avoid ALL'DAT if you just run me my shit! Then I'll be out ya life. Oh, and also, you can make sure I get ALL of my community serice hours, too."

"$300,000, huh?" "Where'd you get that number from?"

I shrugged my shoulders. "A good lawyer gon be expensive, right? And I can't dance no more…Can't sell pussy either…"

"I'll handle that…" Pastor snickered. "That is the lawyer part."

Hrrrm. Yeah, yo ass can't handle this lil pussy , old nigga. That was what I should've said. I thought for a second…"Okay, but I still want $300,000…DASSIT!"

"No!" he protested. "See, yo young ass is too unrealistic. $300,000 is a lot. How about $150,000 and I'll give you a condo. You won't have to pay anything on it."

"Nah!"

"BITCH! LOOK! I'm trying to work wit yo ass! $150,000 in cash! You not even thinkin'. If I just give you such a large sum of money up front, I'm gon have to explain it to the IRS. I'll get in trouble – and so will you, sillaz hoe! Remember…You don't have shit. I do. I'm an attorney. I know the law. I am *the* law. And I got people in high places. Just take my offer. Trust me, lil girl…"

My mouth dropped. I didn't know what else to say. Honestly, I was kind of bullshitting about the $300,000. Shit, just $20,000 and maybe that Rolex on his wrist would be fine. But this nigga was still talking

mad bread. I ain't stupid. I'm 'bout to take his offer!

"Okay, FINE DEN! $150,000. Can I get that in writing?"

"How will I know you don't have other versions of this video?"

"Oh, trust me, my word is my bond. I ain't no fuckin' snitch if you ridin' with me. Is you ridin'?"

The Pastor's face twisted into confusion for a second. "Sure? I guess…" The Pastor's eyes grew redder in terror. This nigga looked mortified!

"Okay, cool, so when can I get my funds? I need my shit ASAP! PRONTO, PASTOR!" I stuck my right hand out and rolled my neck.

"Let's get this over with ASAP. I'm gonna text you a place to meet up at."

"Okay…"

"What's your number?" he asked as he pulled out his cell phone from his pocket.

"773-985-7854," I quickly replied. "I want this shit in writing, too," I said.

"Oh, trust me…It will be in writing…"

"Bet!" Just before I was about to run out the door, I lunged up on him and pecked a kiss on his cheek. "You smell good by the way." His eyes widened in surprise. "Toodles! See ya later!" I said as I took off out of his office.

# Chapter 14

See, this how you hoes out there supposed to come up. Get it how you live, bitch! Learn how to finesse a nigga – especially if a nigga was on some fuck shit.

Pastor Wilson's stupid ass didn't see any of this shit coming at all. I had his ass running scared. Now, granted, I could've handled things a different way, but I'd be damned if I was just gonna let that nigga cut me off and not even give me a second chance. I mean, that was just so vicious and uncalled for! What I did wasn't even foul at all.

So what I thought he was asking for sex?!? It was a crazy assumption – yeah! But ya'll already know how men be! Niggas love pussy! ALL MEN DO. White! Black. Ayrab! Indian! Even Chinese. Even with they lil dick selves – regardless of race, men love pussy. Unless, of course, if they gay – then they love dick. But then they gay asses be likin' boy pussy, too! Look, all I'm saying is, a bitch had to do what a bitch had to do. Everything was on the line.

Granted, Losing out on $400 a week wasn't shit to be doing all this extraness. And truth be told, if I learn how to move a lil bit better, I could've gone back to dancing and linking up wit niggas. And shit, one of my other girls, Quita, told me I should look into do Premium snaps. Even webcam modeling. Oh, then there was the possibility of getting into porn. But, bitch, fuck alldat. Hoe, I just got $150,000 in CASH coming my way from a Pastor caught lackin'!

Truth be told, this entire last month and a half was moving very fast for me. I guess this was a blessing in a disguise. But that was how it was in the streets. Shit don't slow down for nobody. You got to be ready to make moves and be ready to kill to survive. In my case, finesse to survive!

After I left the church I quickly ran back to my crib. I was expecting a text from Pastor Wilson sooner or later.

By now it was almost eight pm. I was stretched out in my bed watching TV, just waiting for a text. Even a phone call. Damn, what was taking dude so long?!?

My phone suddenly started vibrating. Hopefully, it was him. I

grabbed my phone lying next to the side of me and glanced down. I rolled my eyes. It was my mama.

"What do you want?" I answered.

"Hey, daughter…"

I rolled my eyes again. "Yes??? How can I help you this evening… *Mother*?"

She exhaled. "You know…I was just thinkin'…" She paused. "Look…I think we just let all this get too damn far. I know said some things. Did some things. And I apologize for not paying you back. I decided I'm not gonna try to get full custody over Quay. That ain't right."

I froze. Was this a mind game she was trying to play on me. "Ma… For real?"

"I'm serious, NuNu…"

I fell silent and slowly shook my head. I didn't believe her.

"You know…I know…" Her voice got light and began to crack. This was weird for me to admit to, but for the first time ever, I swear to God, it sounded as if I was about to hear my mother cry… "Look, now, I know I ain't been the best mother to you. I know I made you go through some things. I'm sorry for all that. I'm just still tryin' to make it. I just wasn't prepared, you know, as a woman to raise you."

I closed my eyes and tried hard to fight tears. Wow. I didn't even know what to feel hearing her express herself to me this way. I started to feel bad. My chest tightened. I could feel a tear almost escape my left eye.

"You still there?" she asked.

"Yeah…I'm here…," I said. I couldn't help it now. The tears were flowing down my face.

She began to sniffle. I tightened my face again, trying so hard to fight back the want to just let go. Why was she doing this to me right now? Why?!? Deep down, as much as I hated my mama, I knew that I loved her. How couldn't I? She was just tryin' to make it like everyone else. She made her mistakes. I made mines. That was life.

"I just thought doin' all this will show you that I really love you and I don't want you out there doin' the stuff I used to do. I pray for you every night. I really do…"

*Buzz. Buzz. Buzz.* I felt my phone vibrate. I glanced down at my phone with my teary gaze and saw I got a text from a 312 number. "Hold on, mama," I said. I heard her say, "Okay…"

I read the text…

312-858-9969: Meet me at the Woodrow Inn on 79th ST. Room is already book. 357 is the room number. Be there promptly at 10:30 PM. No one else can come. Wear something nice.

"Mama, I gotta go," I muttered.

“Give me a call later, okay?”
“Okay, mama…”
She paused for a moment and then said, “Love you.”
“Love you, too,” I responded and wiped my face free of tears.
“*Hopefully*, we’ll talk later…,” mama uttered.
“We will. I’ll call. I promise.”
“Okay. Stay safe, girl…”
“I will…”
I hung up the phone.

# Chapter 15

Once I hung up the phone, I quickly had to get that weak shit out of my system. Fuck whatever the fuck that bitch was talkin' 'bout anyways.

I rolled my eyes then wiped my face, shaking off whatever little emotion or love I had for that woman. Fuck her! She was probably just trying to figure out a way how to get over on me. Cry all you want to, hoe. Whatever! Yeah, I'll call her ass back later aiight.

I quickly got up from my bed and took a shower. I found me a bomb ass, sexy ass outfit to wear. Pastor said he wanted me to wear something 'nice' – whatever the fuck that meant. I didn't know why! I hope this nigga didn't think he was gonna take me out to eat or some shit – let alone try to fuck me!

I wasn't just gonna leave the house lookin' any ole way though. Shit, I gotta be on bad bitch mode twenty-four seven. So, I threw on a black leather Gucci bodysuit and some matching some stilettos. Then, I threw on this blonde lacefront bob I just bought not too long ago. Bitch, within fifteen, I had did the fuck out my makeup! Once I had my lashes loaded and poppin', I was ready to go get my shit from that old, lyin' ass nigga.

Oh, before I forget – 'cuz a bitch nor a nigga will never catch me lackin' in the streets – I ran back to my bedroom closet, rummaged a shoebox and got my glock. In case that nigga was gonna be on some other shit, I was ready to pop his ass!

Once I checked myself in the mirror for one last time, I got downstairs and hopped in my ride. I chucked up the engine. Nothing.

"FUCK! Really?" UGHH! I drove a 2012 Altima. It only had like 100,000 miles on it but this shit was acting like my old Malibu I had some years back. And I drove that bitch down to 300,000! So what the fuck?!? I tried to start the car engine up again. NOTHING! The engine sounded as if it was trying to throw up after eating some bad crab legs. Speaking of which, I could eat me about three pounds of some king crab right now. Especially with some B-Love sauce! Yass bitch! But that bitch be doin' the most.

ANYWAYS.

"START THE FUCK UP! COME ON, NAH!" I screamed as I tried to start the car up again for one last time. "UGHHH!" I screamed. I quickly pulled out my phone and pulled up the Lyft app. By now it was 9:45. I could make it down to 79th street in no time. Maybe like a good fifteen minutes once a Lyft got here. I ordered a ride and within five minutes, some fat, old ass, Hispanic-looking man in a Honda Accord came and got me.

***

Pastor Wilson sent me another text while I was on my way. He told me that he was already at the hotel waiting for me. I shot him back a text saying I would be there within ten. It was now 10:20 PM. It was dark as fuck outside. Even windy. Although it was early October, you could tell winter was right around the corner.

We pulled up to the Motel. Following his instructions, I shot right up to the third floor. The motel was similar to the nasty shit I was in when I got popped not too long ago. This one looked a bit more decent though.

I walked down the hallway looking for room 357. There were a few people out and about, lingering around their doors. The entrances to peoples' rooms were on the outside, so there were a few niggas here and there smoking blunts and cigs.

"Hey, you sellin?" some old ass man asked me as I sauntered by. "Eww! Fuck no!" I quickly said and shot him a nasty ass stare.

"Fuck you then, bitch!"

"No! Fuck you!" I replied and kept walking on. I got to room 357, looked around and knocked.

"Hold on…" Pastor Wilson's loud, deep growl boomed through the door. Then the door opened. "Come in. You not with anyone, right?"

"No," I said as I looked him up and down. He yanked me inside the room and then looked outside for a moment, checking that no one else was with me. Then he slammed the door. He quickly threw on the locks, closed the curtains and then walked over to me.

"Sit down," he demanded. He was still dressed in the same shit from earlier.

"No." I rolled my neck. "I'm ready to get this shit over with. Where is the contract and the fucking money?"

"Girl, if you don't sit down…"

I scrunched my face and asked, "Where?"

"On the damn bed! Shit!"

"FINE!" I sat down. I glanced at him as he walked over to a small black fridge next to the TV. "You know…for someone who calls

himself a Pastor, you sure do a lot of shady ass shit. You curse. Fuck hoes on the side. Cheat on your wife. You probably stealin' the church's money. What other type of shady shit you into? Shit, you probably gay…"

"Bitch, shut the fuck up," he replied and smacked his teeth. "You want something to drink? I got some Vanilla Hennessey and Peach Crown Royal."

I froze. Damn. This nigga was showing a different side. Shit was aggressive as hell. Bossy. That shit was kind of savage. But this nigga must've thought I was stupid. Why the fuck would I want to drink anything from his ass?!?

"No. I'm good."

"You sure?"

"Yeah."

"You want weed? I got a bag…"

My mouth dropped. "PASTOR! You smoke weed?"

"Who the hell doesn't?!? I got a bad back. And insomnia. It helps me sleep. Shit, you don't smoke?"

"Here and there…"

"Well, I got a lil somethin' if you wanna smoke."

I thought about it for a moment. Hell, why not. "Sure. I'll have a drink, too. You not trying to poison me though, is you?"

"Look…Just relax. You'll get your money." He looked over at a round table in the corner of the room. There were three briefcases sitting on top of it. "There's your shit, okay?"

"Okay…"

"So, just chill, have a drink and let's smoke. Besides, I got something else for you."

I gulped and grabbed my purse. I rubbed my gun. "What's that?"

# Chapter 16

"I have another proposition. I'll up your payment. To $200,000…If—"

"IF WHAT?!?" I interrupted him.

"If…you let me taste you. I wanna lick yo lil pussy," Pastor Wilson smiled. "Shit…Why lie? From the moment I saw you, I was gonna get my hands on you anyways. You made my dick harder than a slave's life from the moment my eyes laid on yo sexy, thick ass. You much better looking than Jessica's stank ass."

For a split second, I felt flattered and I wanted to laugh so fucking hard at what he said about Jessica. Bitch probably do got rank ass twat. But this nigga just officially lost his mothafuckin' mind asking me that bullshit!!!

"Oh fuck no! I knew you was gonna be on some shit like that!" I dashed up from the bed as I quickly pulled out my gun and aimed it at Pastor Wilson! "BACK THE FUCK UP, NIGGA!"

He backed up several feet with his hands raised. "Damn, shit, woman! I was just asking a simple question! Shit!"

"Are you serious? $200,000?"

"Yes! You can go over there and check. I got the contract there on the table along with the money!"

I hope this nigga wasn't trying to fuck with me. "Look! You better not be fucking with me! 'Cuz nigga, I'll pop yo old ass! Back the fuck up!"

He slowly started to make his way toward me as he said, "Nashawna, I know you ain't gon shoot me, so go ahead and put the gun down…"

"YES I WILL!"

"No, you won't," he smiled. "Put the gun down…"

"PASTOR I WILL SHOOT! I SWEAR TA GOD!"

"No…You…Won't." By now he had got at least two feet in front of me.

I pulled the trigger!

# Chapter 17

I pulled the trigger.

Click. Click-Click! CLICK-CLICK-CLICKThat was the sound the gun was making as I kept pulling the goddamn trigger!

"FUCK!" I forgot to load the fucking gun! A clip wasn't in this shit! MY STUPID ASS! FUCK!

Suddenly Pastor Wilson lunged at me and grabbed the gun out of my hand! "Give me this!" he screamed. The gun fell down to the floor. By now, this dude had me overpowered. He gripped me and then slammed me into the bed. He hovered over me.

"Please, don't hurt me!"

"I'm not going to hurt you! I just wanna taste you, damn!"

"Okay then! If you serious!"

"I'm serious!"

I looked into his eyes for a split second. By now, I was scared as fuck but gone. This man, all along, was kind of sexy. Like he had a grown man sexiness to him. He smelled so damn good, too! Shit!

I kind of dropped my guard. This was beginning to get weird as fuck. "You not gon do nothing strange, right?" I asked.

"No," he replied and then suddenly leaned in and began to plant kisses all over my neck. For a second, I felt so disgusted. My body tightened and I was ready to black out. I closed my eyes and just let him kiss all over my neck and chest. But the kisses felt good. Sensual. And Pastor Wilson didn't have bad breath. Old church nigga breath I swear was the worse. Smelled just like an old ass country church, too. Like it was a smell of like rotting church pew wood, cheap perfume, hamhocks, pigs feet mixed all together. Old church nigga breath was also blazing hot and humid. Ewww!

But Pastor Wilson had pretty teeth. A nice smile. I opened my eyes and pulled his face up. I knew I looked scared. "I swear I'm not gonna hurt you. I just want this one time with you – that's it…"

"Okay," I mumbled. He leaned in and began to kiss me. His breath wreaked of peppermint. How ironic. Probably one of the peppermints them old ass bitches be carrying, too.

We made out for like five minutes. Pastor Wilson was a crazy ass kisser. This man was super-affectionate, he knew how to run his tongue in the right spots at the right moment.

This all made sense. I felt kind of bad for him now. For even putting him in this position. His wife was a slob and they hadn't been having sex in years. He was deprived. Yeah, he was supposed to be a preacher. A man of God. But guess what! Pastors are men! Pastors need pussy, too. **PASTORS EAT PUSSY TOO**!

Pastor Wilson continued to dance his tongue up and down my neck until I couldn't take it anymore. My nipples were getting so hard. My pussy was getting so drenched. STORM ALERT!

"Take this shit off," he demanded. We both stood up from the bed. We took off all of our clothes. I gulped at the sight of his body. Yeah, I couldn't lie. He was much older. His body definitely showed signs of age, but at least he was still in somewhat good shape…This would be the first and LAST time I do some shit like this – TRUST AND BELIEVE ME.

ANYWAYS…

His dick was getting hard. Surprised he ain't have to pop some viagra or a cialis. He kept his entire pubic area shaved. His dick had to have been at least ten or eleven inches long, five inches thick! This was some true meat! This nigga had a LOG between his legs. OH. MY. GOD! Hopefully, he just wanted to eat my cat 'cuz that shit was NOT going up in me!

Then it hit me…

"FUCK!" I blurted out.

"What?"

"You're gonna be mad…"

"Why?"

# Chapter 18

"…I'm on my period…"

Awkward silence filled the room.

Pastor Wilson chuckled and gawked down at me as I slowly pulled the slightly bloody tampon out of my cooch and tossed it down to the ground. Shit was embarrassing. I was right in the middle of my period and I was having some heavy blood flow earlier. Damn…

"Shit…It don't matter. Besides, don't you know the recipe?"

"Recipe for what?" I asked with a raised brow.

"To stop ya bleedin'…Drink some of dat DAHK!"

My mouth flew wide open. NUCCA, WHET!? "Are you serious right now?!? Like eww. You do that?"

Pastor Wilson smacked his teeth. "Bitch, don't act like you ain't never had a nigga eat you out while you was on your period."

I thought for a second. He ain't lyin'.

"Okay? And? But still…"

"Girl, just relax. Lay back and chill. I'm gonna go get us a nice ass drink. I know yo lil ratchet ass will like that Hennessey."

My eyes widened in disgust as I slightly shook my head. But fuck it. It is what it is. "Okay," I said as I laid back down on the bed and sat up against the headboard. Damn, I hope he ain't turned off by the smell though.

He walked back over with a tall drink his hand. A big ass Backwood he'd rolled up along with a lighter was in the other. His big ass dick and balls just dangled from side to side as he made his way back over to the bed.

"This is just so strange to me," I commented. "So this what you and my girl be doing?"

"Can we not talk about her, please?"

"Okay…" I shrugged my shoulders

"Thanks…" He took a sip from his drink and handed me the blunt and lighter. I sparked up and took a huge pull. "What kind of strain is this?" I asked and began to cough.

Pastor Wilson chuckled. "That's that fire, girl. Yo ass better slow the fuck down. That's OG Kush. Pastor Wilkin's gay ass got it for me when he went out to Cali for a conference."

“WHAT?!? SO HE IS GAY?!? LIKE GAY-*GAY*! LIKE DICK IN-THE-BOOTY-HOLE *GAY*?!?”

Pastor scrunched his face. “Yeah. Everyone kind of know that…”

“Oh,” I said kind of feeling stupid. Damn, it had me wondering if all of these so-called Christian folks just be putting on a front. Like why lie about who you are? Just do you, boo boo! Shit ain’t that serious you feel me?!?

ANYWAYS!

I took a few more pulls from the blunt then passed it to Pastor Wilson. He took his pulls. We went back and forth. I sipped on some of his drink. Within minutes, bof'us were so fuckin faded, I swear ta God! Damn, then it hit me – YO ASS ON PROBATION, NUNU! YOU DUMB ASS BITCH! I was gonna have to get drug tested! Damn, NuNu! YOU SO STUPID! FUCK! But it was whatever…Jessie did tell me that I could take some shit called Niacin and get the weed out of my system so long as I didn’t smoke everyday…

UGHH!

Once the blunt was out and the drink was finished, Pastor Wilson crawled his naked self back into the bed. We began making out again as he cuddled me. The way he just held me and caressed me let me know he was dying for just basic romance. That was so sad. Nigga just wanted something young and tender to hold. Something he probably hadn’t experienced in years!

He began to finger me and the faint smell of my period began to waft in the air. But at this point, the way he was rubbing my shit, I guess none of us cared.

“Get on your back,” he commanded and pulled me into the upper-center of the bed. I was now nervous as fuck! Pastor got on top of me and planted himself in between my legs. We began to kiss again as his brick dick rubbed up and down my already wet, throbbing clit.

Then, he began to slowly lick me from my neck until he made his way all the way to my navel. Then he got on his stomach and spread my legs wide open even more. He planted his head in between my legs and didn’t hesitate in sucking on my clit. He stuck his fingers inside of me and instantly found my spot. Damn, this nigga was magician, puttin’ all types of spells on my shit.

My breathing got heavy and my heart fluttered. “YASSSSSS! Slob on dat cat, passuh! Eat dat shit, old nikkuh! You like how that cat taste?”

“Hell yeah, guhl…”

I bit my bottom lip hard.

“What it taste like?” I asked biting my lip harder. “Tell me,” I moaned.

I held tightly to the sides of Pastor’s head with my hands as he

relentlessly devoured the fuck out of my guts.

"Shit, taste like candied yams, guhl. And not that nasty ass shit in a can. I'm talkin' fresh yams. Wit all types of marshmelluh, cinnamon, brown sugar…"

He paused for a moment and ran his big, bell pepper nose from my clit to my ass, taking a long whiff.

Bitch, my pussy juices overfloweth just thinkin' of how this old nigga was soooo fuckin' NAAHSTAAYY!

Pastor Wilson moaned and then said, "…And butter. Just like how ma grandmama'nem used to make it. Back in Hattiesburg." "But, guhl, you know, I just love the way yo lil qoo-chie smell," Pastor chuckled in his thick and deep Mississippi accent.

Without hesitation, he went back to slurping and sucking on my lil puss.

He slowly caressed my inner thighs with the ends of his fingertips. It was crazy, too, 'cuz I was still so muhfuckin' blown by the fact that this old nigga had polished fingernails! Something I had noticed about him when I first met him! If he wasn't a Pastor, I'd think this nigga was a fucking pimp. Shit, Mee Ling did an excellent job buffering them nails though. Might need that lil asian hoe's phone number so I could book an appointment.

As the so-called man of God continued to suck my sinning soul out of my sexy ass body, my legs shivered nonstop like I was having a seizure. Bitch, go get me some CBD or somethin' 'cuz I swore I was seconds away from squirting all over this man's beard.

"You like that, huh," the Bishop moaned among the incessant whooshing sound of his succulent slurps.

"Shhh, don't talk. Just keep eatin' that lil pussy. Wrap them big, black lips around my clit, old nicca…"

I threw my head back and sunk it into the pillow. My eyes closed and now, I kid you not, all I could see and feel was heaven.

My hands gripped the bedsheets as Pastor Wilson's clit sucking seemed to intensify. Oooh, speaking of which – I just knew Maria or Jose was gon be mad as fuck in the morning when they come in here and have to change these muhfuckin' sheets, bitch!

My thick ass legs were wide open like a football field, and now I had this old, crusty ass nigga playing in it like he was a quarterback. Except, Pastor Wilson wasn't running a ball; old fuck nigga was running his tongue in and out of my pussy AND my ass.

That nigga was truly an MVP. Somebody needed to come give this nigga a ring and induct his ass in a pussy-eating hall of fame!

Shit, truth be told, this nigga was like OJ. And yes, OJ…'Cuz this old Morgan Freeman-lookin' ass muhfucka was murdering my clit. Even with all types of scripture laced in his tongue. Heaux, I was

shooketh right now! You hear me!

Nothing but the sound of pussy juice slurps filled the cognac and Newport-smelling air. The slurps bounced off the walls of the dark, musky motel room, mixing in with both of our nonstop moans and groans.

I couldn't believe this seventy-year-old man was eating me out like this. In all of my days I ain't never had a nigga have such perfected head game. This shit was amazing. Here I was, twenty-three-years-old, thinking that someone's nasty ass, 'bless the hands of the cook'-praying, worms-havin' granddaddy wouldn't dare know how to handle some young, tender pussy.

"Come fuck me now, fuck me!" I said.

"That's what you want?"

"Yeee-ughhh!" I moaned as my pants seemed to get heavier.

Pastor Wilson propped himself up and rubbed his dick against my soaking pussy. "Put it in me," I begged.

Pastor slid right on in…Nigga walked that dick through the doors of my church – Mt. Nashawna Missionary Baptist Pussy.

# Chapter 19

Some hours had passed. It had to have been about one past midnight. I looked over at the clock sitting on the nightstand. It was actually 1:23. Pastor Wilson and I had just got done fucking about a good twenty minutes. Wow. That was some intense ass dick! On my dead cousin's grave, I swear that was the best dick I'd ever had in my life!

"You 'bout ready?" he asked as he finished putting his clothes on. He and I just got done taking showers and now we were about to finalize this 'business' transaction.

"Yeah," I replied as I put on my right stiletto. "Ok, cool," he said with a slightly weird grin.

"You wanna get something to eat afterward?" he asked. "My treat…"

"Nah, I'm good. Let's just get this over with. I gotta bounce."

"Okay, and you said you made sure you got rid of everything right? All the videos? I still think this is messed up but It's cool. I'll pay you your money. I thought you were truly a nice girl. You got a lot of potential."

"Yeah, yeah, yeah," I said rolling my eyes. "Save me the sob story. Shoulda thought about that shit before you started messin' with us young, hood hoes. Let me find out there some other pastors out there fucking around. I'mma finesse those stupid, clown ass niggas, too."

Pastor Wilson shook his head and then a slight smirk came across his face. "You know, you have got to be the dumbest broad on the face of the planet, you know that. Like, I thought you were smart for a lil feisty hood nigra. But you – you just like the rest of them. You ain't nothin' but a two-timin', low-life, welfare recipient, simpleminded ghetto bitch. You the queen of them all!"

I had to pause for a moment and process what this dude just said to me. Like, URMMH!? Excuse me?!? WOOOW!

"WHAT?!? Nigga, FUCK YOU! BE DONE WITH ALLDAT SHIT! You're a sexist ass, self-hating, fucked up pervert! And you think you got the right to try to fucking judge me?!?! I wouldn't even need to do

all of this had you even gave me a second chance. You don't know me or know the shit I go through! You're a hypocrite! You talk about being a man of God and you didn't even listen to me for one second when I made a simple mistake! You talk about being all pro-black, this and that, and yet here I am, a struggling black female in Chicago just tryna make it! And you just fire me 'cuz I made an honest mistake! SO, FUCK YOU! Just shut the fuck up and pay me! Yeah, so the fuck what I do what I do! You do dirt, too! Ain't none of us perfect! You can just run your mouth better and afford to make yourself look like you 'blessed'! Man, fuck you and fuck yo church. Fuck yo campaign. You ain't shit and you won't win. Just run me my shit, pussy nigga! Where the fuck is the money?!? Open up the briefcases!"

The way that nigga came at me with that tone was vicious and really unexpected! Like what the fuck was his problem all of a sudden?!? Shit, we just had a good time now it devolved to this?!? Then again, I get it – I was scheming his stupid ass!

"Fine! Fuck it! I got the contract here, baby girl. Just need you to sign here and there," he said as he handed me a piece of paper.

I snatched the paper out of his hand and dashed over to the room dresser and briefly scanned the contract. I had no idea what any of it said. Shit, to be honest with you, none of this shit made any sense. It was all of this legalese shit. All of these weird-sounding words. But I understood one thing – I saw the dollar amount. $200,000. One lump sum. Then I saw my name and a place to put my signature.

"SIGNED! NOW RUN. ME. MY. SHIT. PUSSY NIGGGUH!" I growled and threw him the piece of paper.

***KNOCK! KNOCK!***

Suddenly I spun around and threw a gaze at the motel room's front door. "Who the fuck is that?!?" I asked.

Pastor Wilson strolled over to the front door and opened it. My mouth dropped wide open once I saw who it was. This. shit. was. crazy.

Déjà vu.

It was Darryl –

And he was standing next to Rasheeda.

They both walked into the motel room…Rasheeda was shaking her head. "Why, Nashawna? Why would you do this?"

I turned around and looked at Pastor Wilson. "WHAT THE FUCK?!?" I screamed. "You set me the fuck up?!?!" I then turned my attention back to Darryl and Rasheeda. "NO! FUCK THAT! I'm gonna expose his ass! This nigga is a con artist!"

"Nashawna, please! Do you understand what just happened?!? Do you even know what extortion is?!? How could you be so unbelievably stupid right now! You just threw away everything?"

“WHAT?!? HUH?!? NO! FUCK THAT! HE IS A LIAR! THIS MAN IS A LIAR! AND A THIEF!”

“Nashawna, you’re under arrest,” Darryl said shaking his head. I looked back at Pastor Wilson. He began to pull out a wire from his chest. My mouth flew open in surprise. He had to have put that on when he was getting ready in the bathroom.

“Wait! So you gon fuck me and then just gon take my money?!?! This shit doesn’t’ even sound legal!”

“Nashawna…You played with fire. Now your life has been turned into ashes. It’s over. Let’s go,” Rasheeda said as she and Darryl dragged me out of the motel room.

# Chapter 20

Three months later...

So, yeah, ya girl NuNu locked down for the next fifteen years. And that was if I could get out for good behavior.

Yes – I fucked up big time.

My stupid ass didn't realize I was playing chess with a nigga who was a master expert at the game. I didn't even know what the pieces even looked like.

Truth be told, Pastor Wilson really wasn't playing a game though. He was protecting himself – at all costs. He had to do what he had to do for him. I get it. Get it big time…

The whole entire time his ass was wearing a wire. Nigga got every single word I said – even our fuck session – on tape for twelve to hear.

Soon as I got thrown into the back of Darryl's cruiser that night, the story further unfolded. Pastor Wilson immediately called Rasheeda and told her what I was trying to do. I never realized what I was doing was technically considered extortion. Even if I was trying to out the man as a lying, adulterating hustler, I still was trying to squeeze money out of him. That is against the law apparently. And because I broke some other federal laws, my ass had to deal with the Feds.

My plea deal, of course, was ripped to shreds. On top of my now mandatory eight years of prison for first-degree prostitution and wire fraud, I had to serve an additional fifteen for extortion. Why the large prison sentence? The dollar amount I was trying to finesse.

After I got arrested, my life pretty much faded to oblivion. My mama pretty much cut me off. None of my other family members wanted anything to do with me anymore.

No one truly found out what exactly that night either. I couldn't say anything 'cuz everything that happened was under sealed indictment. If I told a soul, I would spend the rest of my life behind

bars.

“Hey, girl! You goin’ to the library today?” LaToya, one of the inmates down here at Joliet Prison, asked as she walked past me.

It was an icy Wednesday morning. The new year was almost here…I was in the prison cafeteria putting my tray back and was about to head down to the infirmary. For the last few days or so I’d been feeling somewhat nauseous. I didn’t know why exactly.

“I don’t know girl…I don’t feel too good. Feel like I got food poisoning,” I said.

“Oh ok. You goin’ to the nurse then?” she asked.

“Yeah, I’m actually on my way there now.”

“Aiight, girl! Holla!” LaToya walked off.

Just as I was about to walk out of the cafeteria, my stomach started to twist and turn. I felt wobbly then all of a sudden I threw up all over the place.

“Oh shit!” someone screamed.

I fell to my knees and clutched my stomach.

“SOMEONE GET HER TO THE DOCTOR!”

I passed out.

***

“How’s that IV treating you?” A black female nurse, looking no older than forty, walked into my hospital room. I had been in here now for the last three hours or so, hooked to an IV. I honestly had no idea what the fuck happened.

“It’s good. I feel a lil better,” I said as I rubbed the sides of my head. I was laying in the bed watching cartoons play on a small television inside the room.

“Well, we know why you passed out.”

Two reasons…You want the good news or the bad news first…

I began to get nervous. “Wait, what?”

# Chapter 21

"Well…" The nurse exhaled. "The good news you are pregnant," the nurse said with a slight smile.

"What?!?" I exclaimed as I clutched my chest. The EKG machine linked to me beeped faster as it detected my now rapid heartbeat. I was beginning to get even more nervous. "And what is the bad news?!?"

"Nashawna…You are also HIV positive. I'm sorry to tell you this. But listen, my sister, it will be okay! There are drugs for this now. Damn, we even almost on the verge of a cure," she said as she walked deeper into the room to console me.

"WHAT?!?" I screamed and grabbed my mouth. Tears began to swell in my eyes. My gaze at the nurse widened in terror!

"This is too much! NO! NO! I don't even know who the father—" Then it hit me…If I was pregnant. I'm pregnant by Pastor Wilson. Had to be. This shit…was crazy. Completely fucking crazy.

But fucking HIV?!? This was scary! Who even gave it to me?!? "I CAN'T! PLEASE! NO! I CAN'T!"

"Girl! Calm down! Or we might have to sedate you!"

"AHHHHHH!" I screamed at the top of my lungs and blacked out.

# Epilogue

A week later...

So, after several attempts of trying to get into contact with my mother, she finally decided to answer my phone call. We talked and I told her I had some very important information to tell her. I told her she needed to visit me ASAP. She was reluctant but she agreed. Today, she was coming to finally visit me for the first time today after my infirmary appointment.

It was time to come clean to everyone. Especially now that Pastor Wilson was involved with my possible pregnancy and HIV diagnosis.

For the last few days or so, I contemplated actually getting an abortion. But the more I thought about it, the more I realized that nigga screwed me over! Fuck that! I was gonna keep this baby. This was going to be my goldmine. My last great come up! And possibly my ticket out. See, the way I saw things, I figured that if I decided to keep the baby, I could then reveal that to the world. My pregnancy would bring his fuckin' ass DOWN!

That lying, fake ass Pastor old fuckboy ('cuz that was really what he was – a old school fuck boy) was walking around living his best life, still perpetrating a fraud. Probably still busting down other broads. Probably stealing money from his campaign. Meanwhile my ass behind bars! If this was his baby, then he needed pay. And if he had HIV, then I knew it was his clown ass who gave it to me! I was gonna sue the FUCK out of him. And even try to get myself out of here.

"Spearman! You ready?" a prison guard announced as she walked toward my cell.

"Yup!" I exclaimed as I got up from my bed. The butch ass Latina hoe opened my cell and I walked out. She slapped cuffs on me and proceeded to escort me down to the infirmary.

Today, I had an appointment with the infirmary nurse to start my round of HIV meds. I also needed to pick up some prenatal vitamins

At this point, to be honest with you, I was still on the fence about this baby. I couldn't see myself being a mother behind bars. I already had Quay. And although this may seemed fucked up saying this, perhaps him being autistic was a good thing for him. He didn't really or understand who I was. He was off in his own world. Mama was right. I was a horrible mother. The best thing for me to do was to get an abortion. I was going to ask the nurse about that when I got down to the infirmary.

We got down to the infirmary and I sat in the waiting lounge with other patients. It was now 9:45 AM. My appointment was at ten.

"Hey! Spearman! I need you to fill out this paperwork, okay?!?" an over-the-top, bubbly white intake nurse said as she walked over to me with a clipboard in her hand. "You lookin' better, hunny," the white bitch said with this weird smile. *Get out my face, dumb ass dog-smellin' hoe.* "Thank you!" I replied as I flashed a fake grin.

White bitch walked off and I started to fill out the paperwork on the clipboard. There was a small television in the waiting lounge that everyone mostly had their eyes glued to. Local news was playing.

"THIS IS A BREAKING NEWS ALERT FROM ABC7 CHICAGO! GOOD MORNING, VIEWERS. I'M JAKE PIRTLE REPORTING LIVE FROM THE SOUTH SIDE OF CHICAGO. PROMINENT PASTOR AND MAYORAL CANDIDATE PASTOR E.L. WILSON WAS FOUND SHOT TO DEATH TODAY INSIDE OF HIS CHURCH OFFICE. CHICAGO POLICE WERE CALLED TO APOSTOLIC MISSIONARY BAPTIST CHURCH EARLIER THIS MORNING AFTER GUNSHOTS RANG OUT FROM THE ADMINISTRATION WING OF THE CHURCH. POLICE SAY THAT WILSON POSSIBLY MAY HAVE COMMITTED SUICIDE AFTER HE DISCOVERED THAT HE ALONG WITH HIS CHURCH WERE UNDER SERIOUS INVESTIGATION BY THE IRS FOR TAX FRAUD AND EVASION. THIS IS A BREAKING STORY. MORE DETAILS TO COME!".

I sat back in my chair, perplexed! I couldn't believe I heard what I just heard. Fucking Pastor Wilson shot himself! Everything around me began to spin and I felt like I was on the verge of passing out again. This was TOO MUCH! WHAT-THE-FUCK?!?

"I gott go! I GOTTA GO!" I screamed as I shot up from my seat and threw the clipboard off to the side.

"Nashawna, where you going?!?!?" the white bitch nurse asked

"Bitch! Mind yo business!"

*

It was noon now and I was on my way downstairs to go see my mother. I was still shocked by the news of Pastor Wilson killing himself. I didn't know what to think anymore. Didn't even know what the next step were going to be in this. Who the fuck would I tell? Where would I go?"

I was in a haze as I walked down to the visitor's area. Soon as I walked in, I saw my mother at a table all the way in the corner. I slowly and cautiously walked over to her. She kept her head lowered to the table. She looked so visibly distraught.

"Mama…," I said…She looked up. Her eyes were red and puffy. "Hey, NuNu…Nice to see you…"

She stood up and leaned in to give me a hug. I hugged her back – but cautiously. A part of me wanted to cry. I had so much flying through my mind right now.

"Mama, I know this has been hard for you. I know this is just all too much. Sorry if this is making you cry," I said as we both sat down.

"It's okay…" "I'm cryin' because of some other shit…"

"And that is?"

"Let's not talk about that right now. What is this information you need to tell me?" mama asked.

I took a huge deep breath and then exhaled. I looked up to the ceiling and wiped a tear that escaped my eye. "I don't know how to say this but now its time for me to tell you why I am really down here. The cat is out the bag now…"

"Okay, what's up. What mess you done put yourself into?"

"Well, after I had got locked up the first time, I had to do community service. I had been doing it at Apostolic. You know…The big church you said you used to go to from time to time?"

"Yeah…And?" My mother's face turned sour.

"Well, I just heard about what happened on the news…"

"Yes…I know, too. That's why I'm crying. I knew Pastor Wilson…"

I froze for a second. "You did?" I asked.

"He was a good man…"

"Well, mama, I got in trouble because of him."

Suddenly my mother's face sunk. Her eyes amplified. "What? What you mean he got you in trouble?"

"Well, Jessica, one of my girls, well, I had found out she had been messing with him. So, when I started volunteering down at the church, I knew he had something going on with her." "I was doing good. Going every day damn near. Doing my hour. They was paying

me to work on his campaign."

"Damn it! I'm confused. What is it you tryin' to say?!?"

"Well, he fired me. 'Cuz I thought he was tryin' to ask me for sex. But he wasn't…"

"Oh my God! You nasty little wench you! THAT'S WHY YOU CALLED ME DOWN HERE?!?"

"Mama, I ain't done!"

"Girl, you betta not be! What did you do to him?!?"

"Well, after he fired me, I went back home and got a sex tape he made with Jessica."

Soon as I said that mama's eyes suddenly flew wide open in shock. She clasped her mouth and shook her head.

"I confronted him about it. I extorted him…"

"YOU WHORE! I JUST KNEW IT!"

"We had sex though, mama. And I think he got me pregnant. And I think…I think he gave me HIV!"

"WAIT?!? What did you say?!? Pregnant?!? NUNU! PLEASE TELL ME YOU ARE LYING!"

"No! I'm not, mama!"

My mom stood up and looked up toward the ceiling, staring off into space as if she'd seen a ghost or some sort of crazy demon took over her. She was totally silent and frozen. "Mama! What's wrong?!?"

She looked back down at me and said, "Baby…"

"Mama! What the hell is wrong with you?!?!?"

She sat back down and looked at me. "So, you had sex with that man? And you think you got pregnant by him?"

"Yes! Mama! YESS! I couldn't say anything 'cuz everything was sealed. I need to take a DNA test quick to prove he's the father of the baby I'm carrying!"

"Baby…," my mother uttered with gloom again.

"You ain't need to get no DNA test for the baby if that's the case…"

"Why not?"

"Cuz'?"

My mother couldn't let the words roll off her tongue. By this point she looked like she'd become a zombie. Her eyes were wide open. Her mouth trembled four syllables that I understood completely.

"He's what?"

"Yes…"

**"AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!"**

You want to find out what NuNu's mama told her? Text the keyword: **NUNU** to **555888** to get notified of Part II!

## Please Leave Me A Review!

**Dear Readers!** Your opinion and criticism matters! I would appreciate if you could please leave a review on my book so I can gain relevant and timely feedback on my writing. I appreciate your honesty and hope I can continue to improve as a writer!

**Thank you so much!**

# Acknowledgments

I'd like to thank all of my die hard readers and fans for the continued support! I'd also like to thank the craziness of social media for inspiring me to write these funny yet thought-provoking stories!

# About Quan Millz

QUAN MILLZ is the profound and prolific writer from the sizzling streets of Miami, Florida. Now residing between Chicago, Illinois and Los Angeles, California, he's known for his gritty, graphic and gut-punching urban tales that depict the real and rawness of black urban life. His deeply detailed and visual storytelling talent gives readers a view of the rollercoaster of emotions that many endure when trying to climb their way out of dark struggles in the inner city. He's the author of the This Hoe Got Roaches In Her Crib, Project Hoe Dreams and Crack Hoe Dreams series.